

GOLD  
KEY

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APRIL

THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-BARBERA

12c

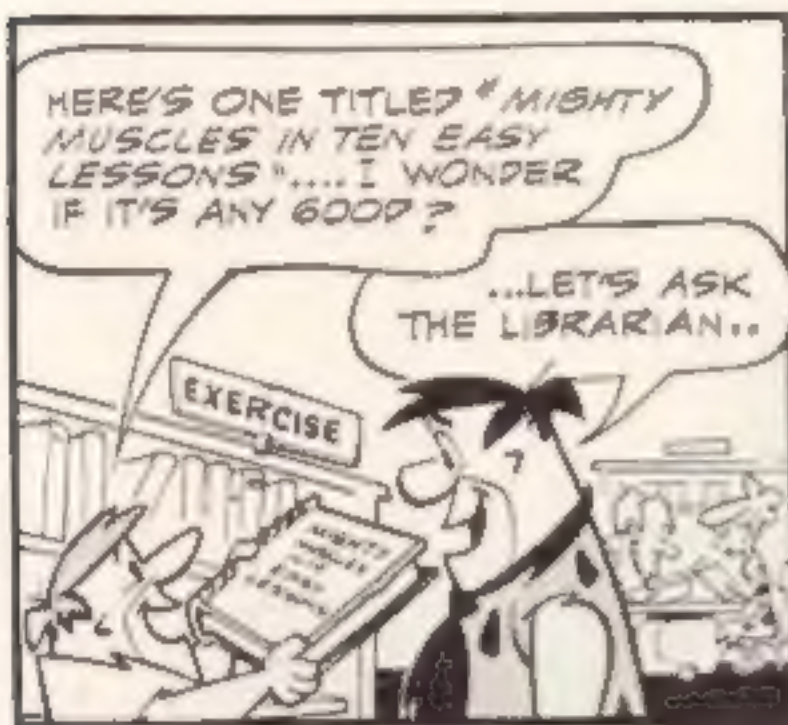
# THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES





THE FLINTSTONES



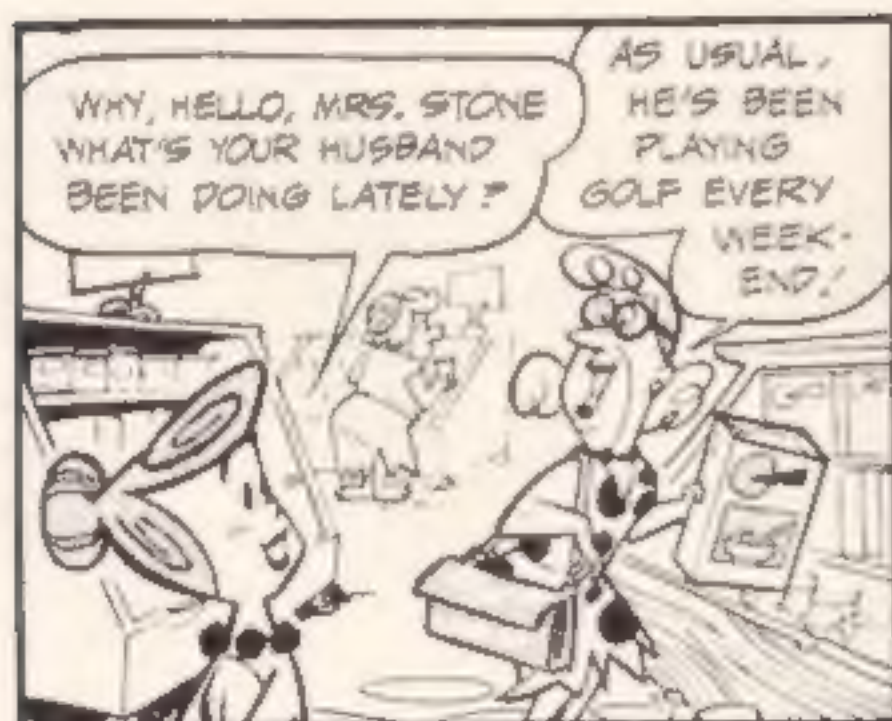
THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



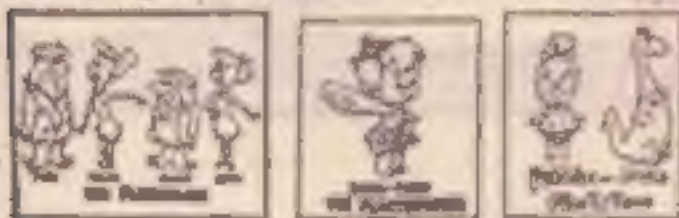
THE FLINTSTONES







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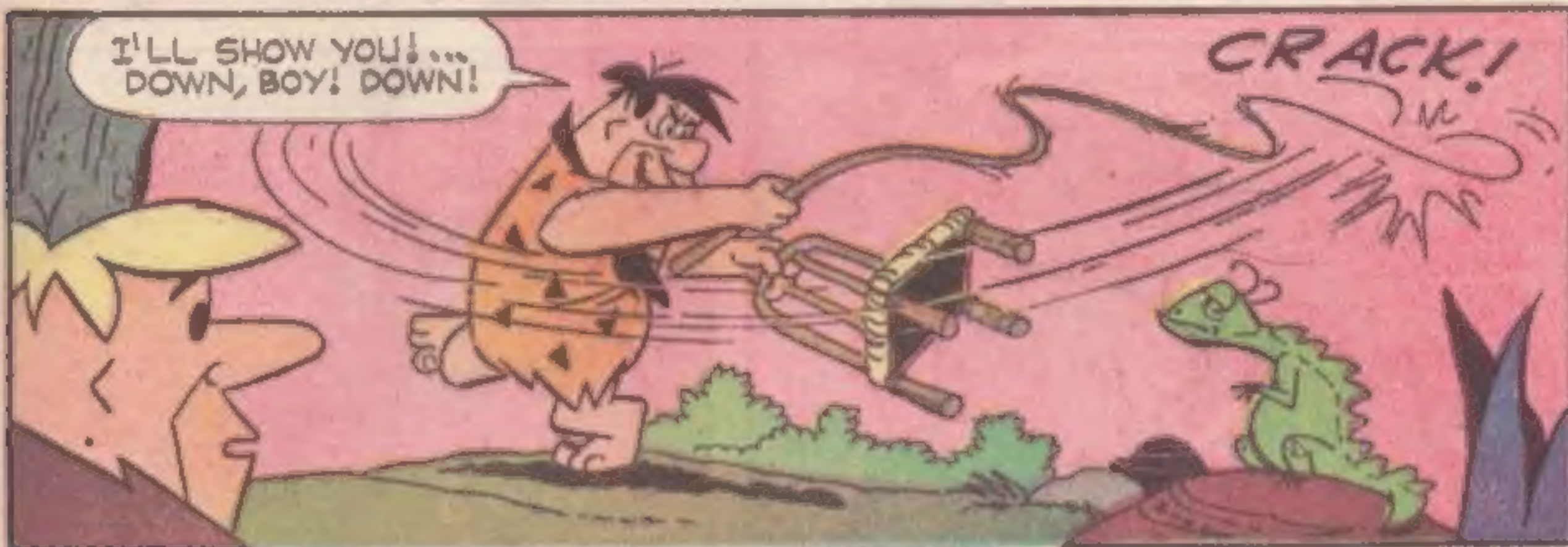


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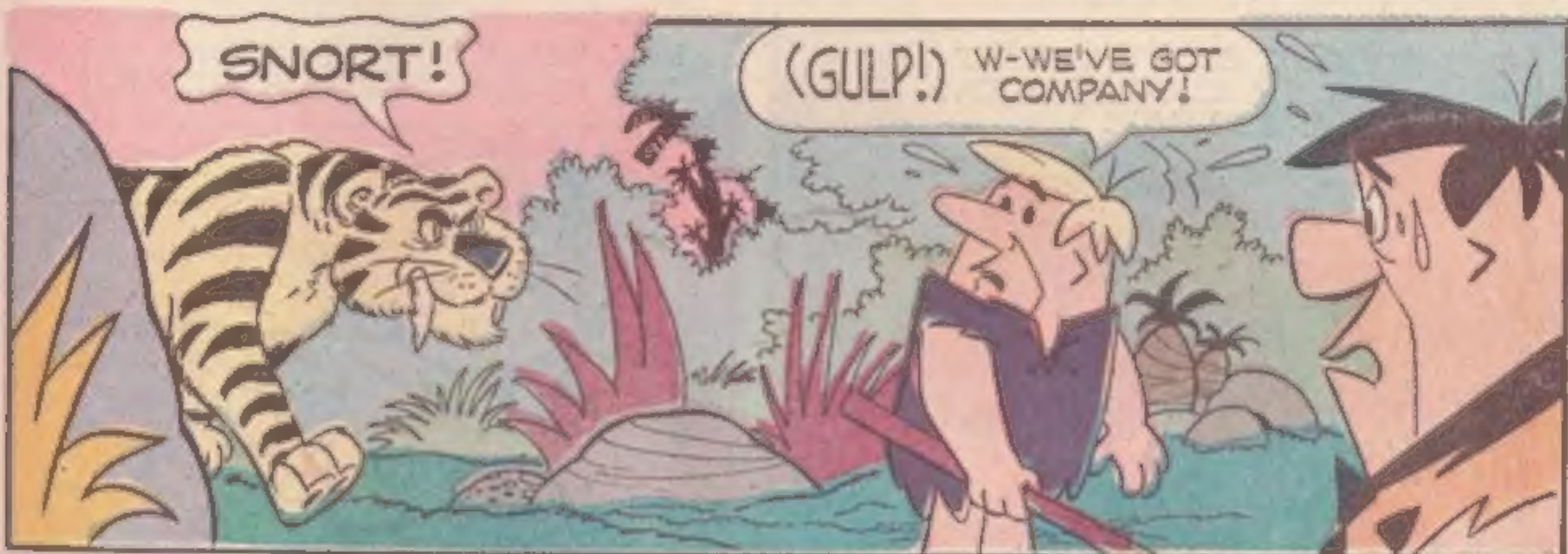
















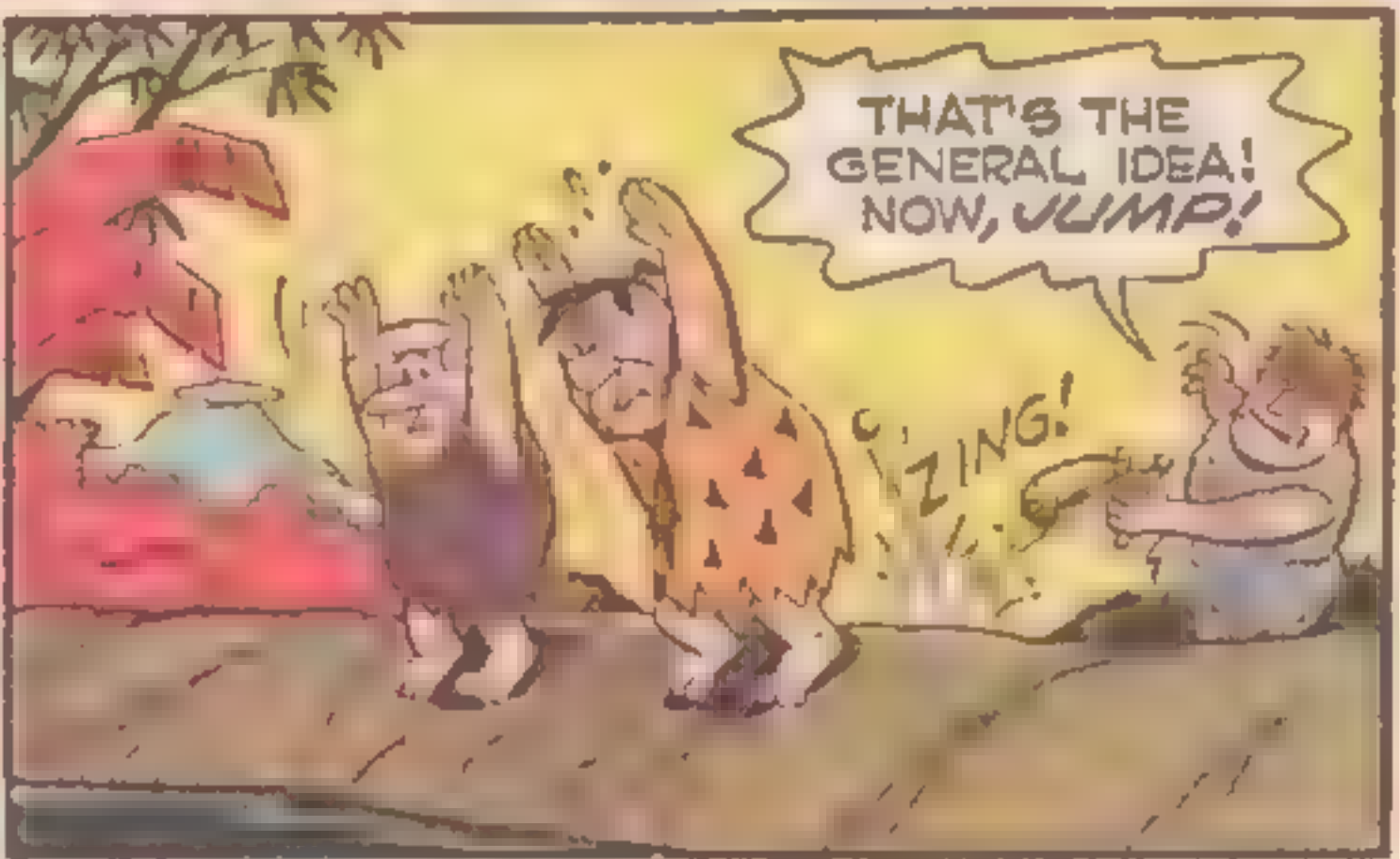
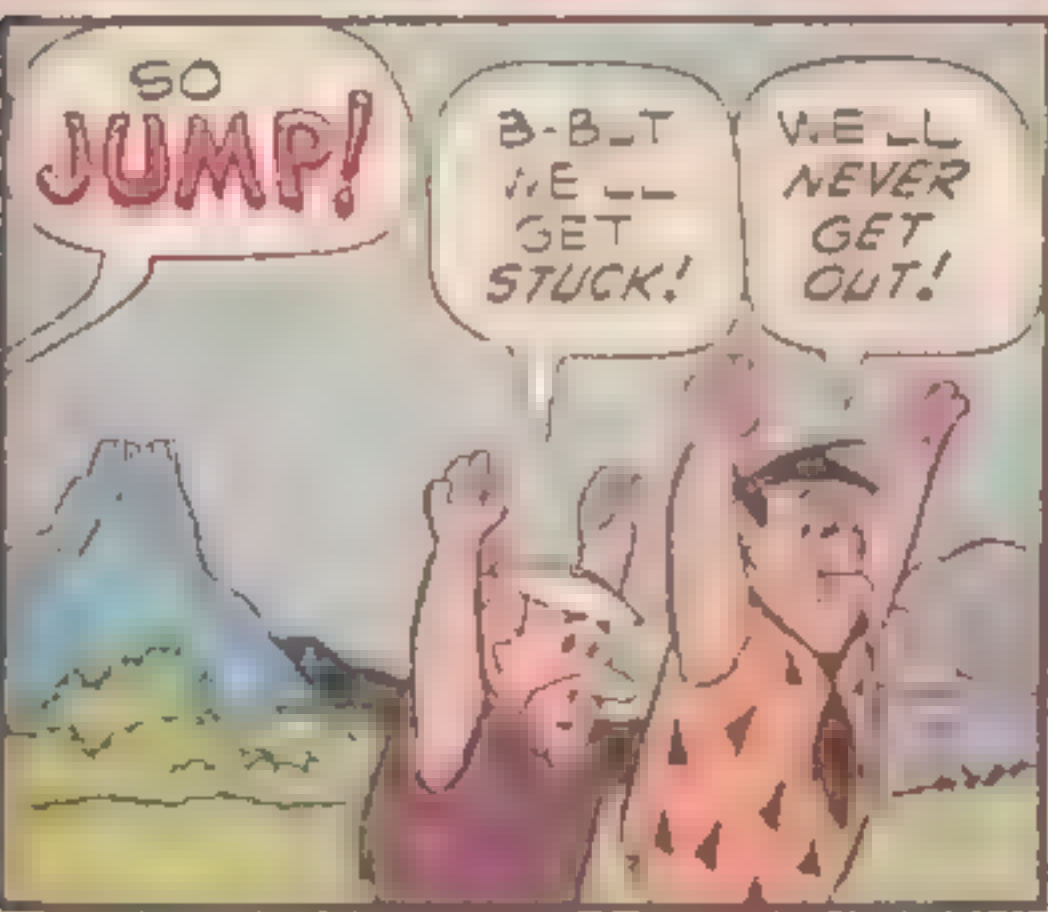
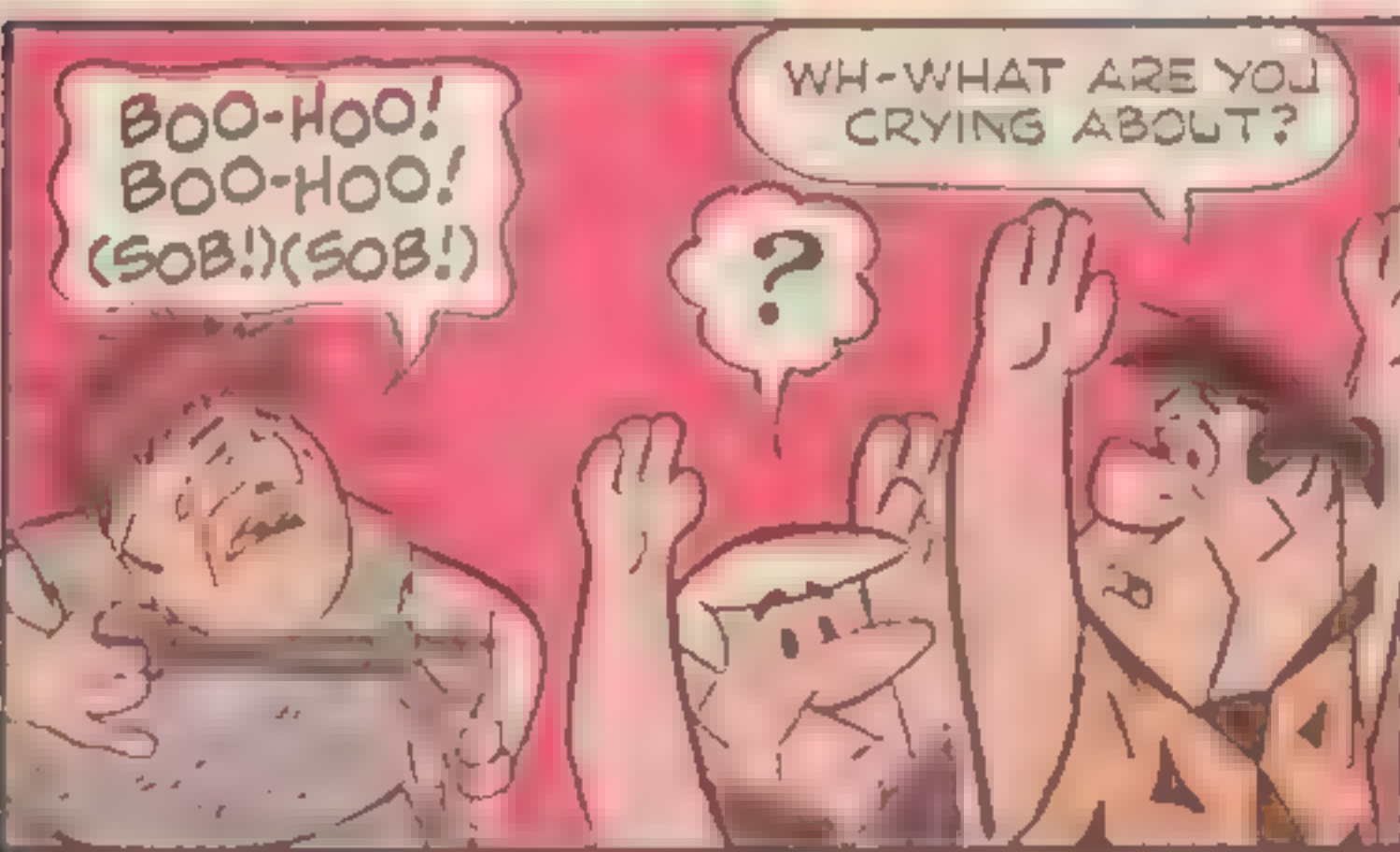
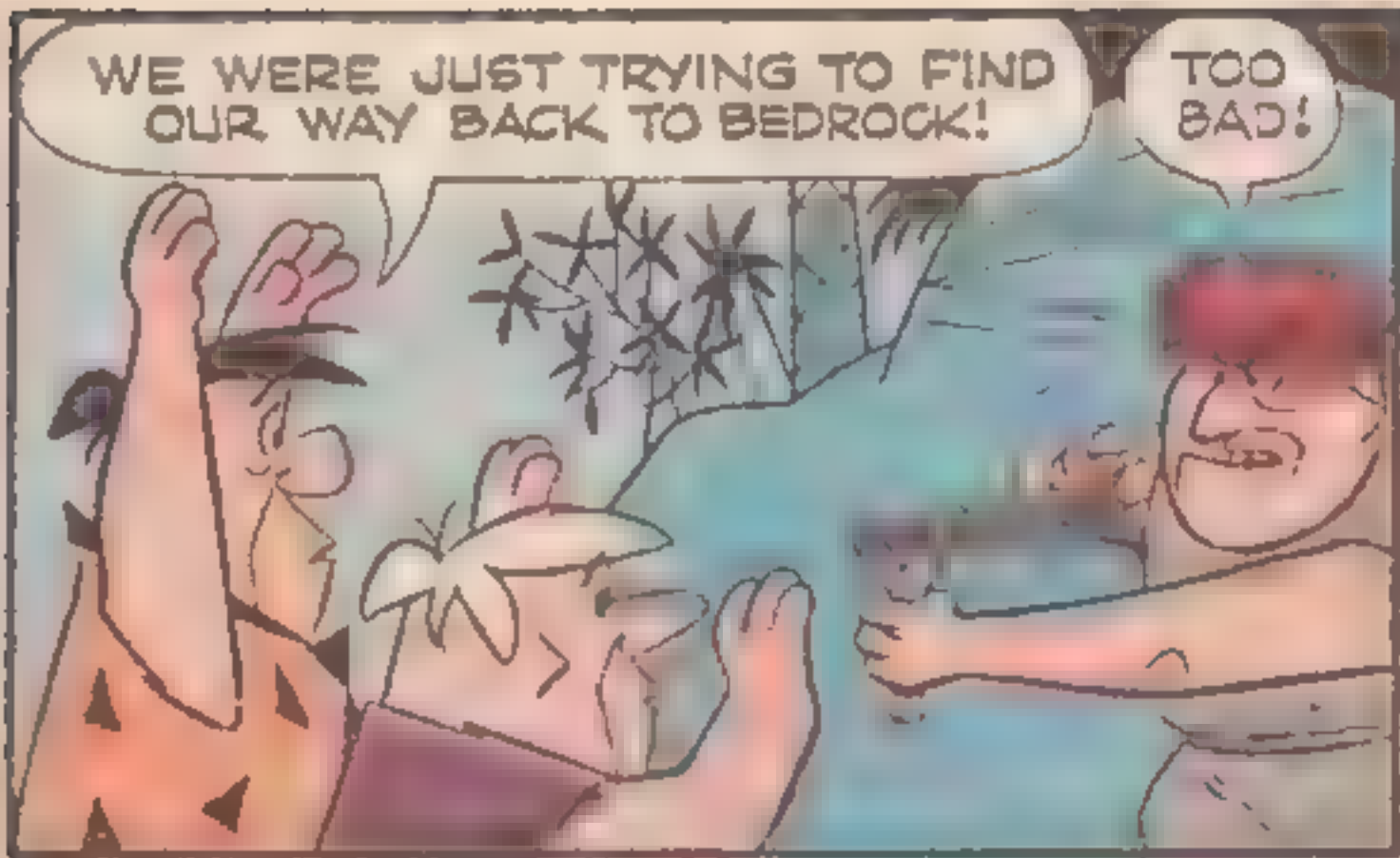




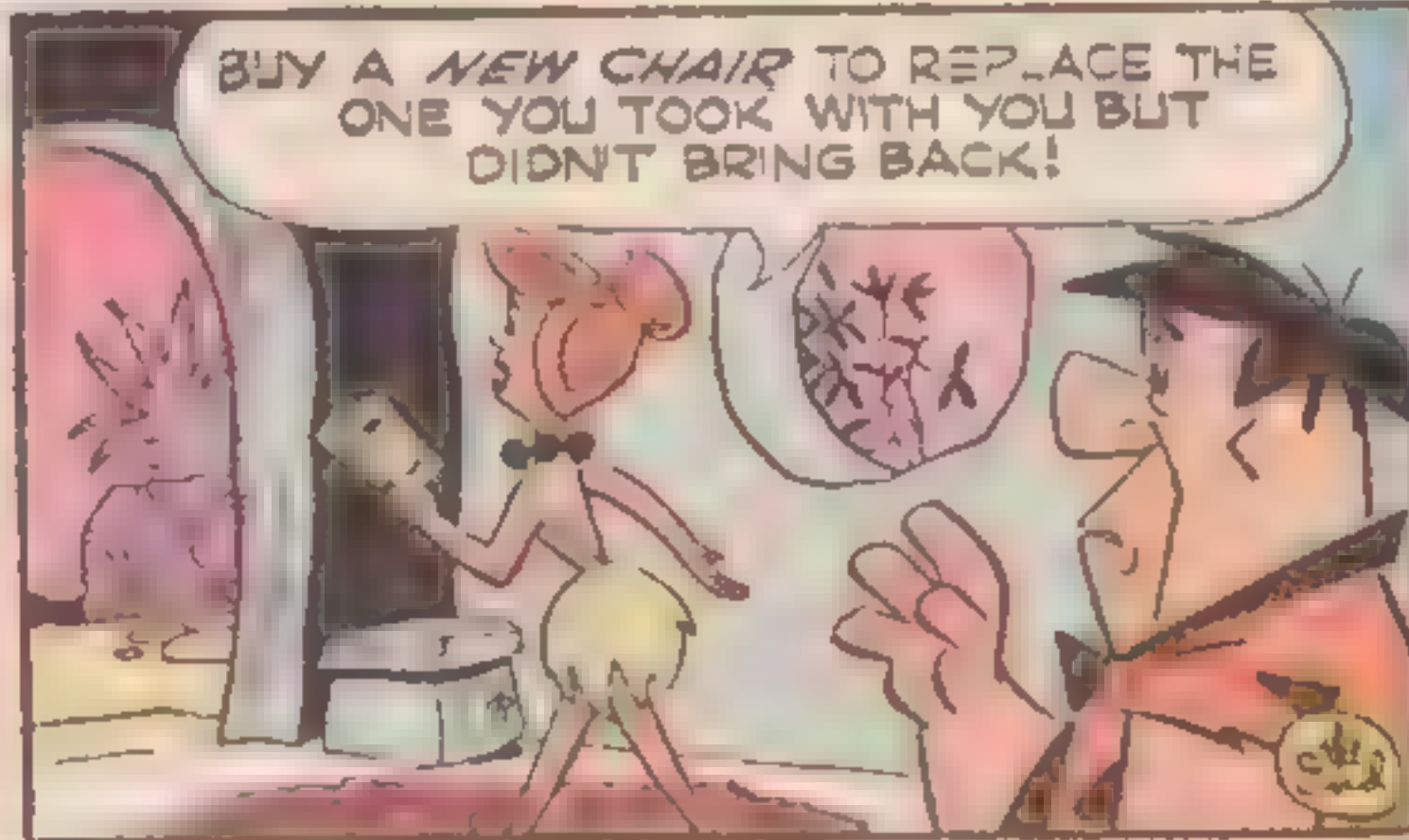
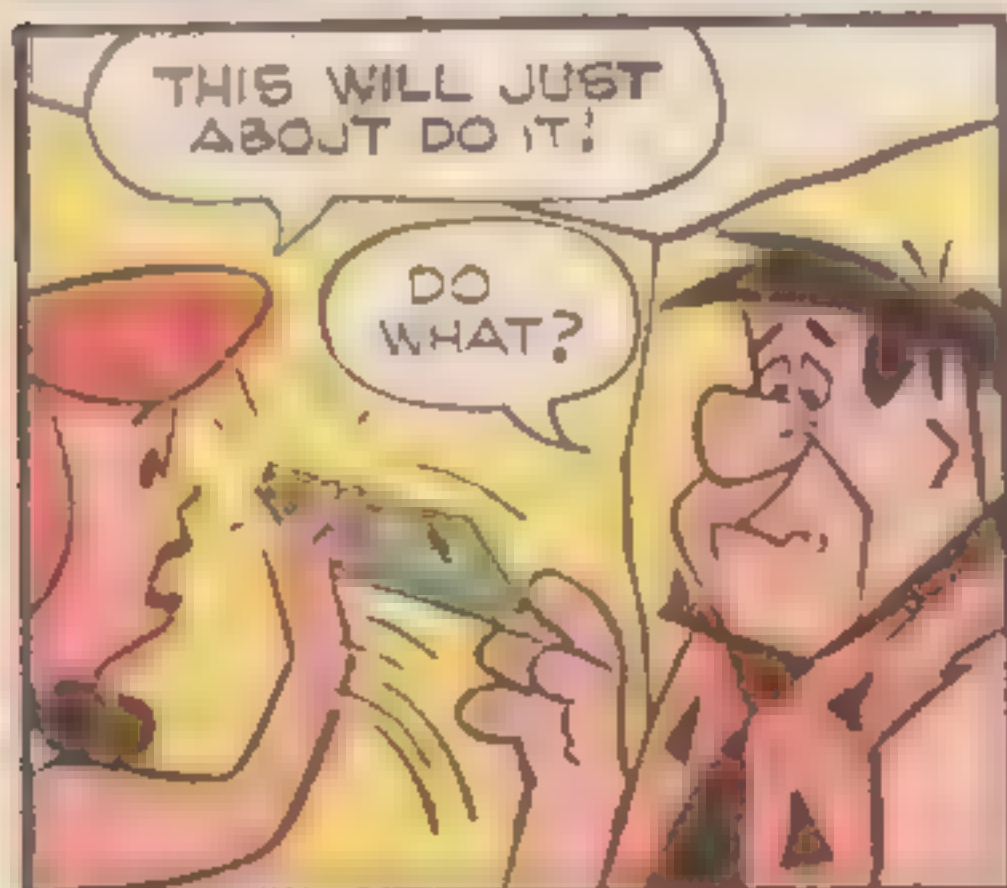
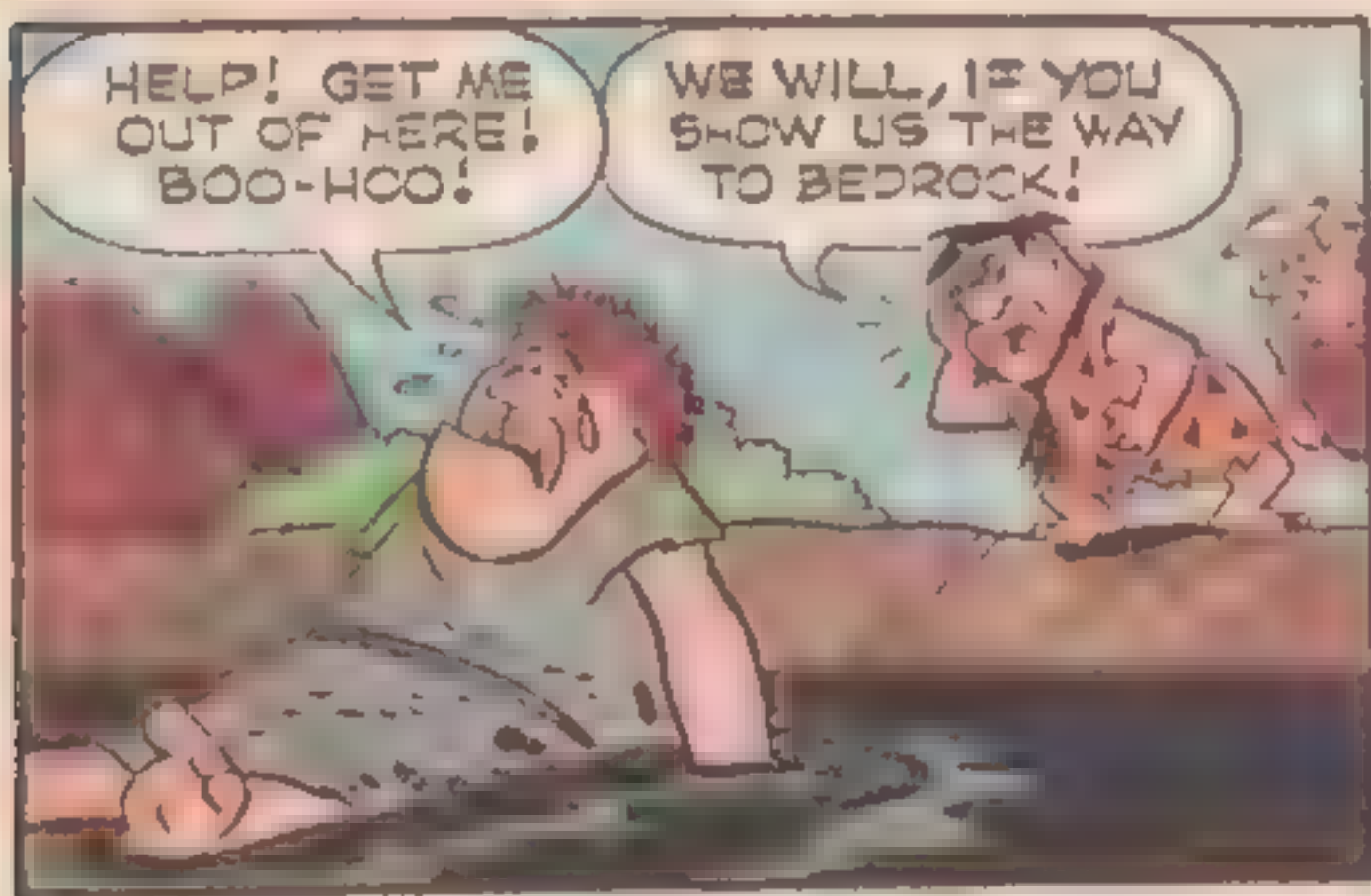
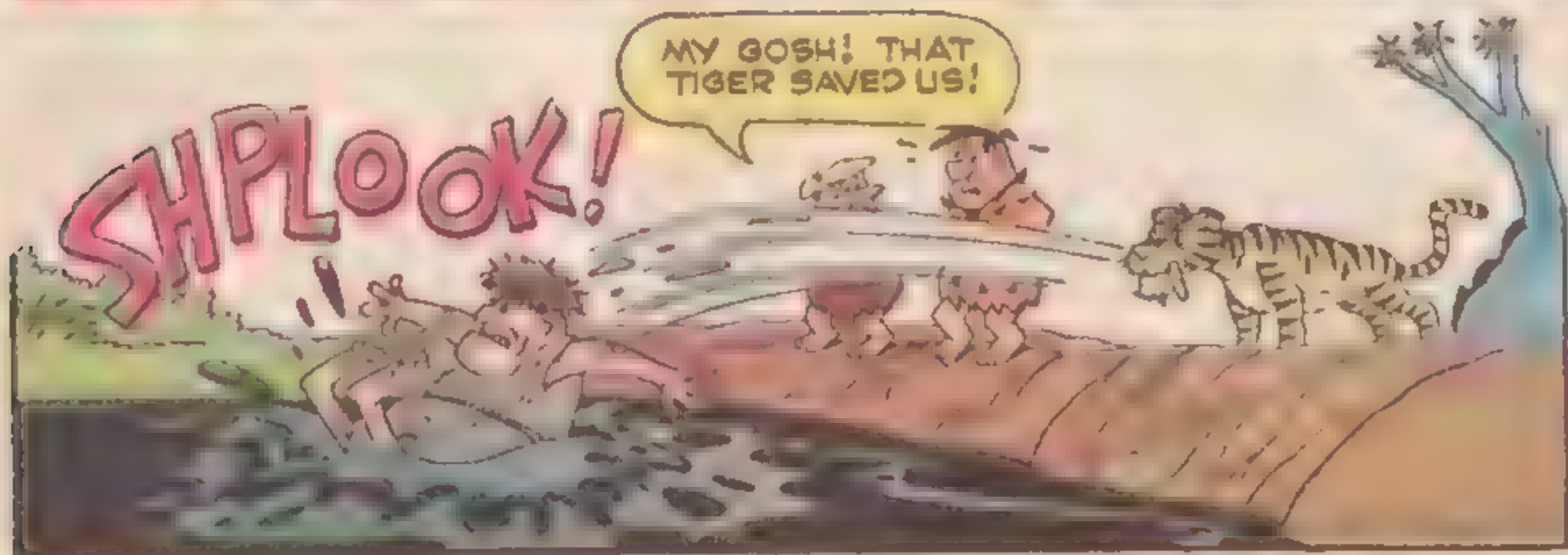
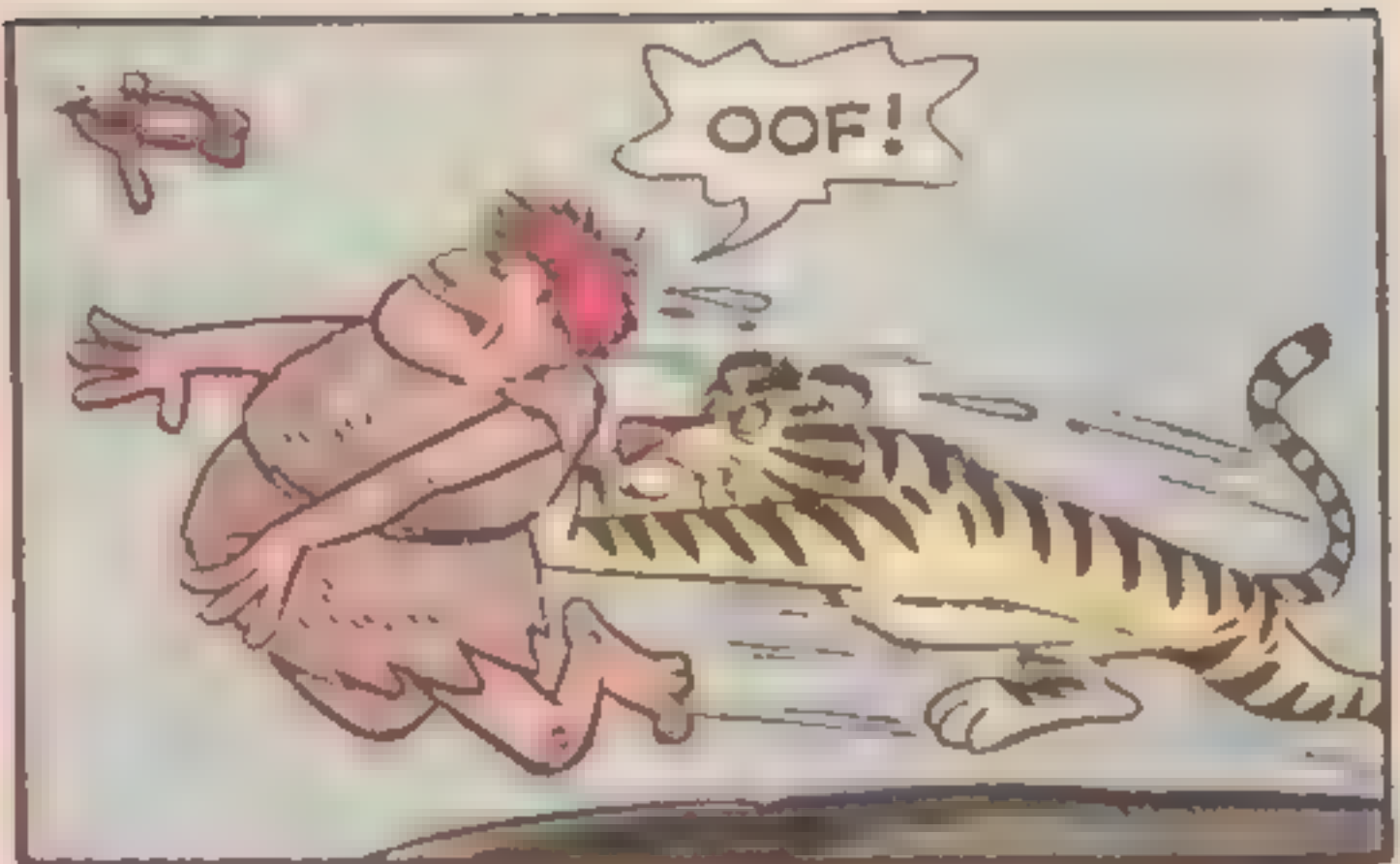
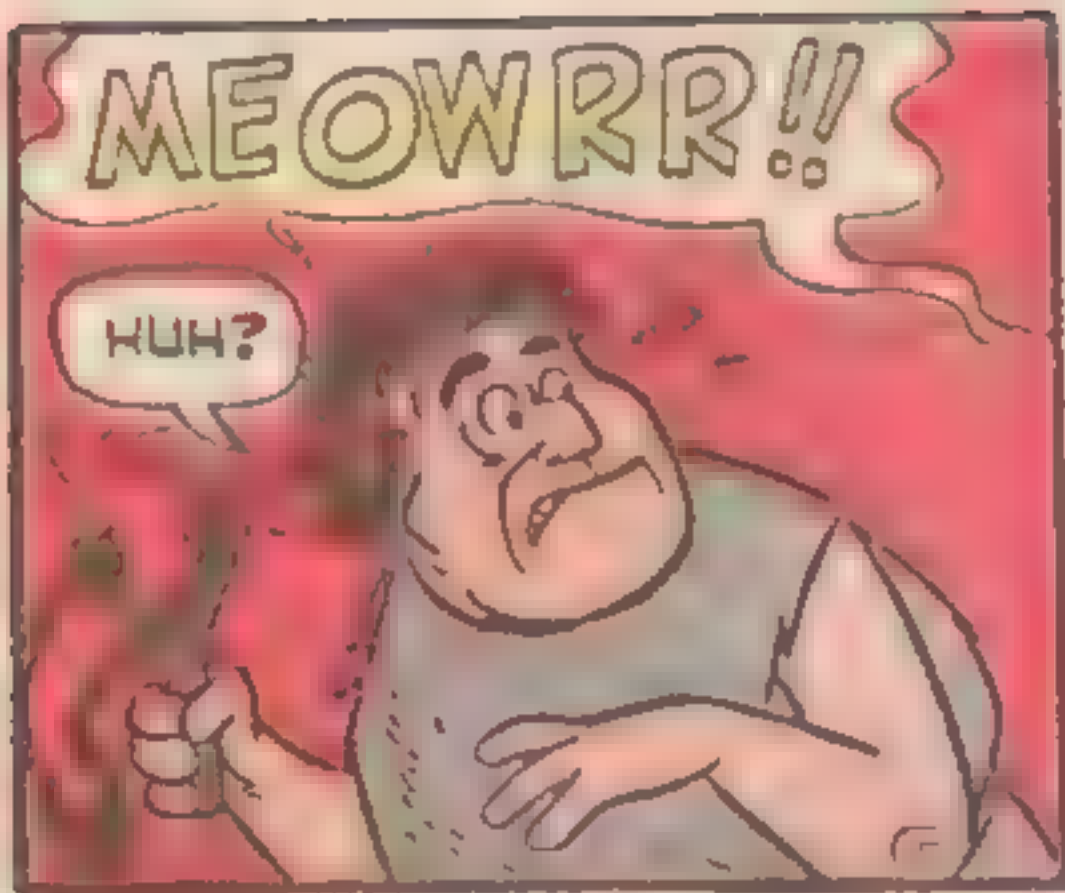










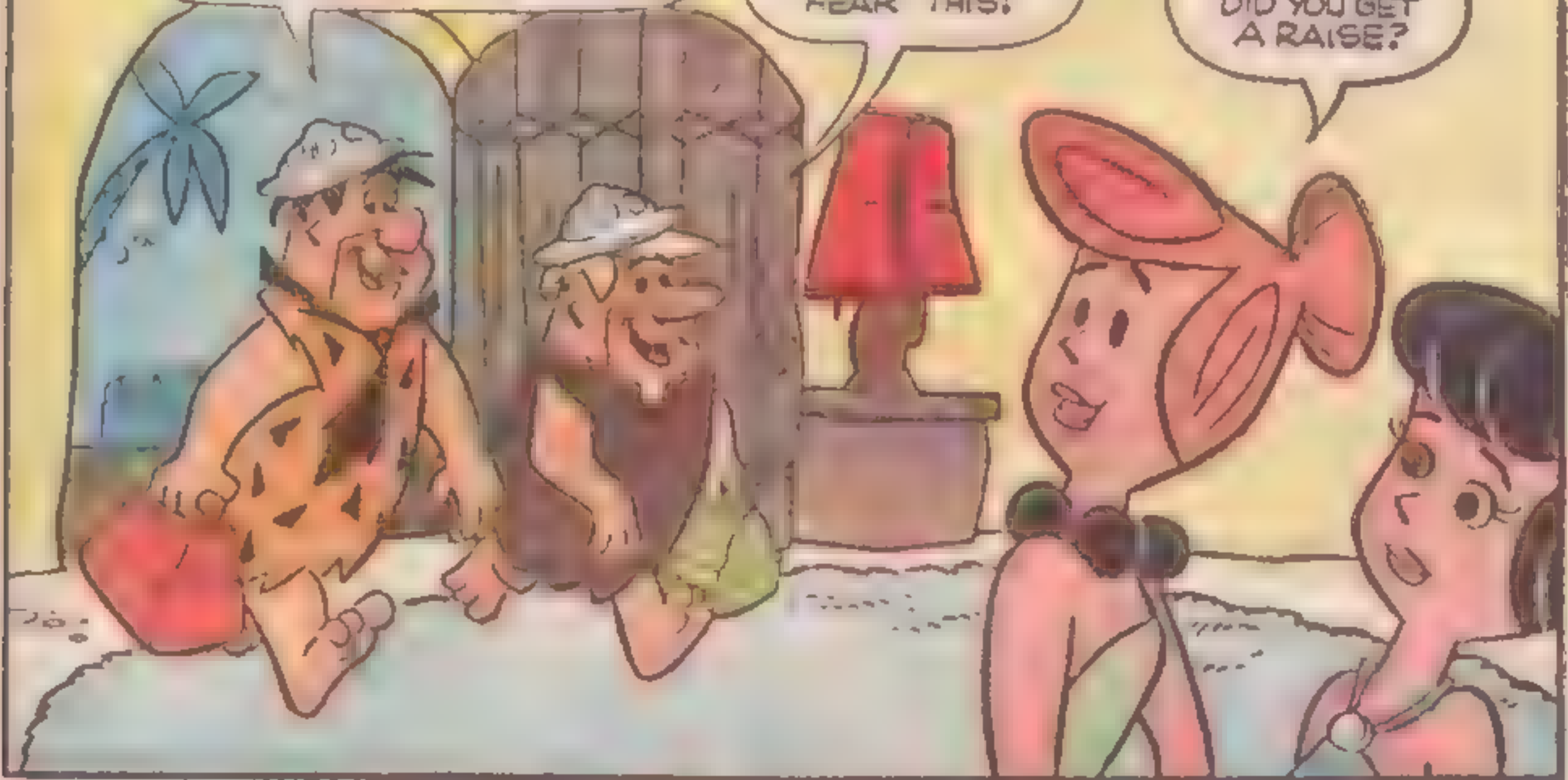




WE'VE GOT SOMETHING GREAT TO TELL YOU G RLS!

YEAH! WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THIS!

WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET A RAISE?



NO! WE QUIT OUR JOBS!

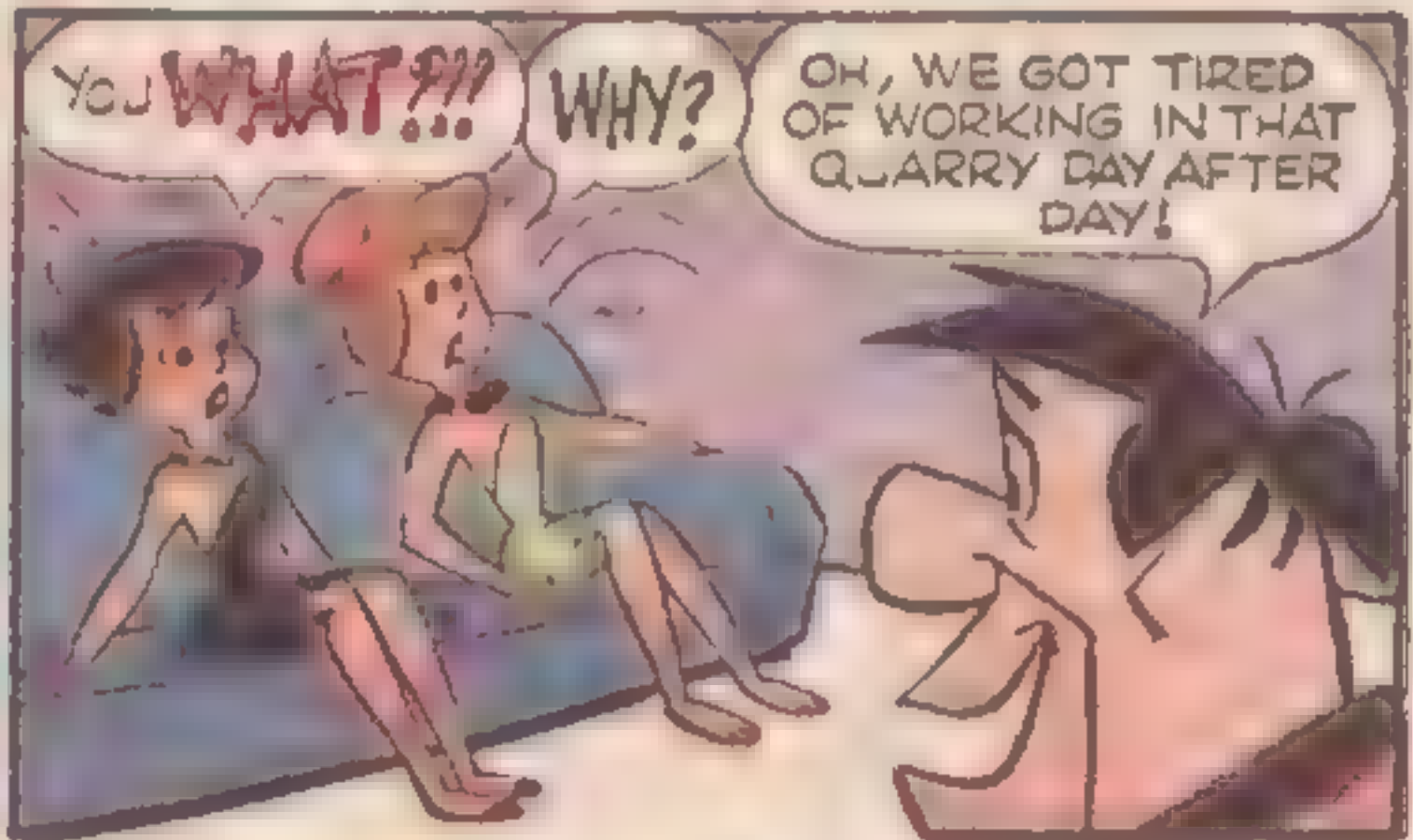
WE'RE GOING INTO BUSINESS FOR OURSELVES!



YOU WHAT???

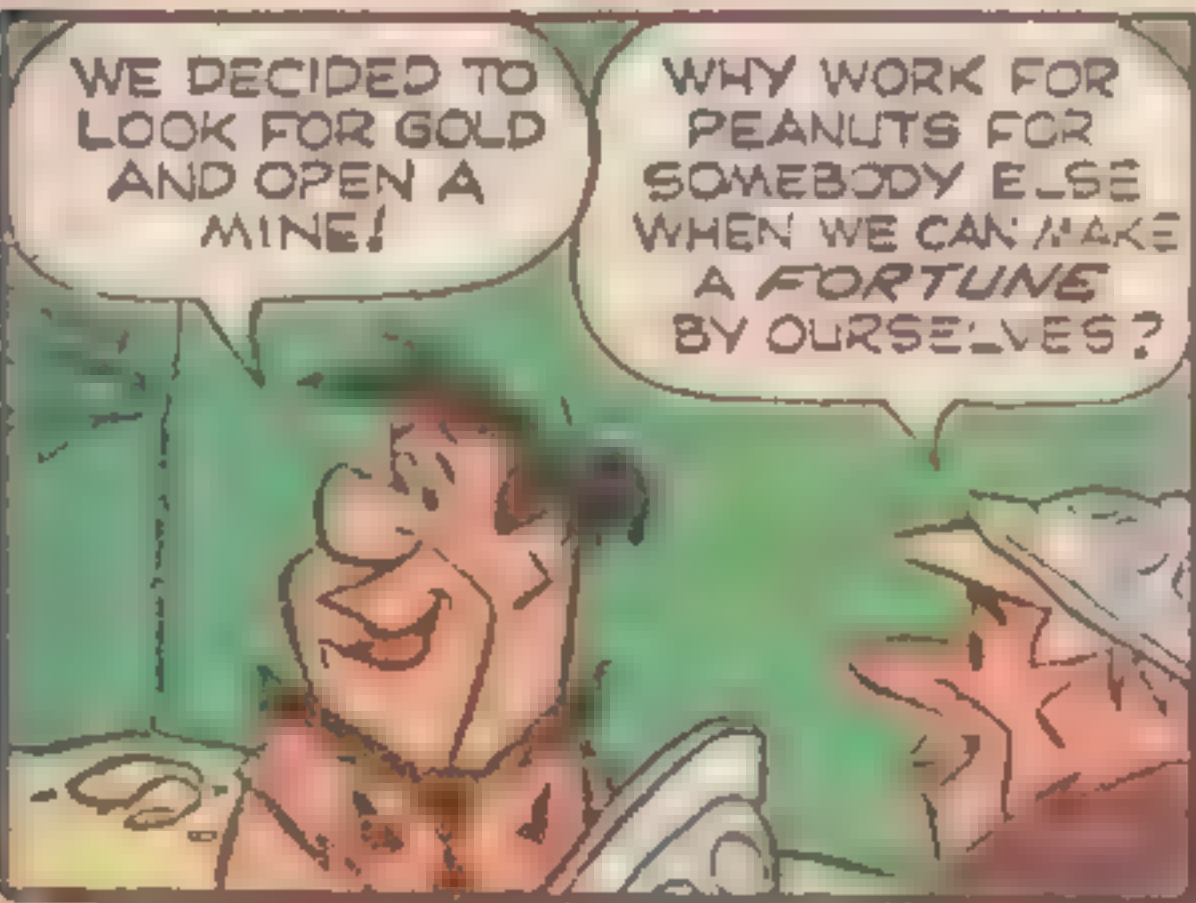
WHY?

OH, WE GOT TIRED OF WORKING IN THAT QUARRY DAY AFTER DAY!



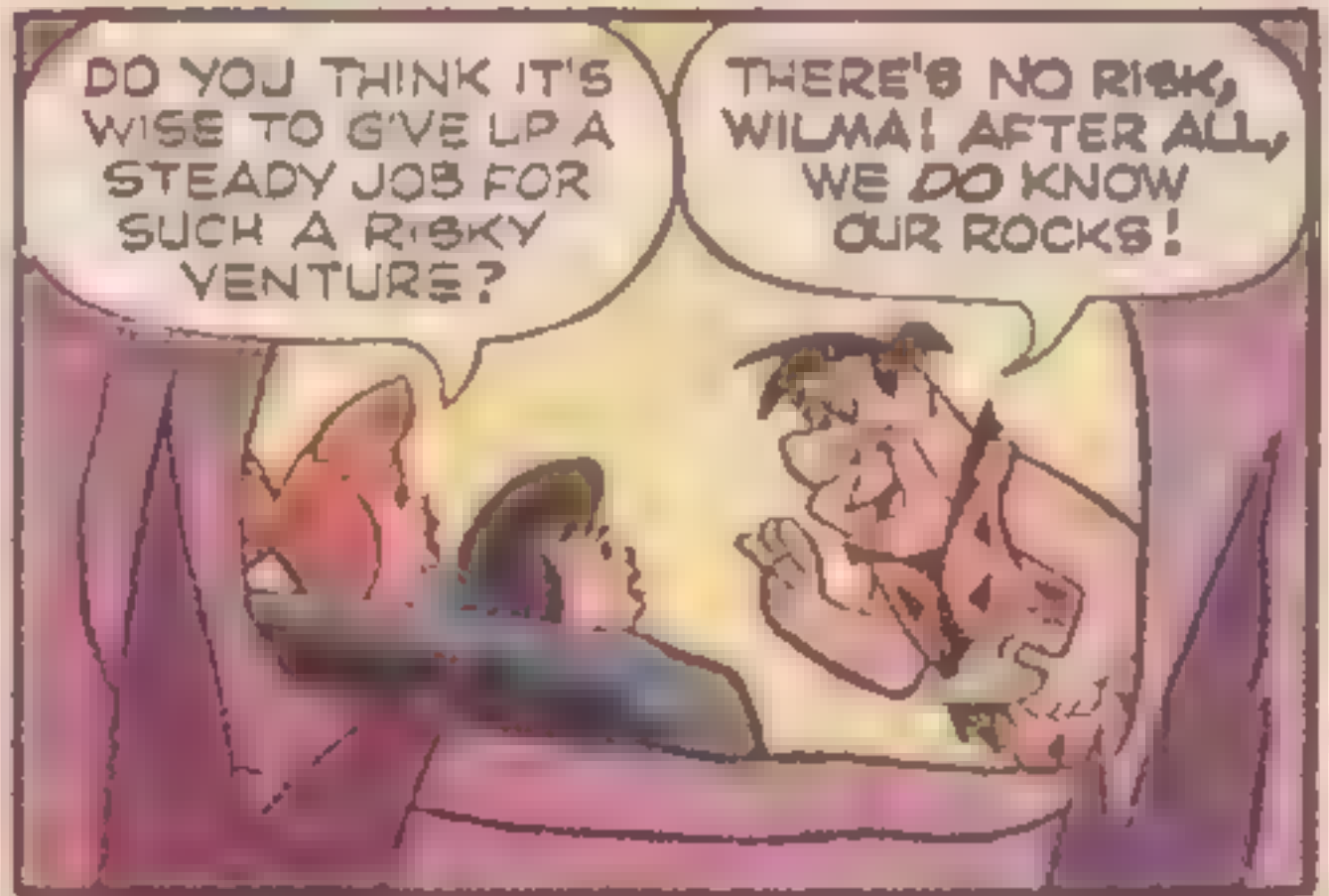
WE DECIDED TO LOOK FOR GOLD AND OPEN A MINE!

WHY WORK FOR PEANUTS FOR SOMEBODY ELSE WHEN WE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE BY OURSELVES?

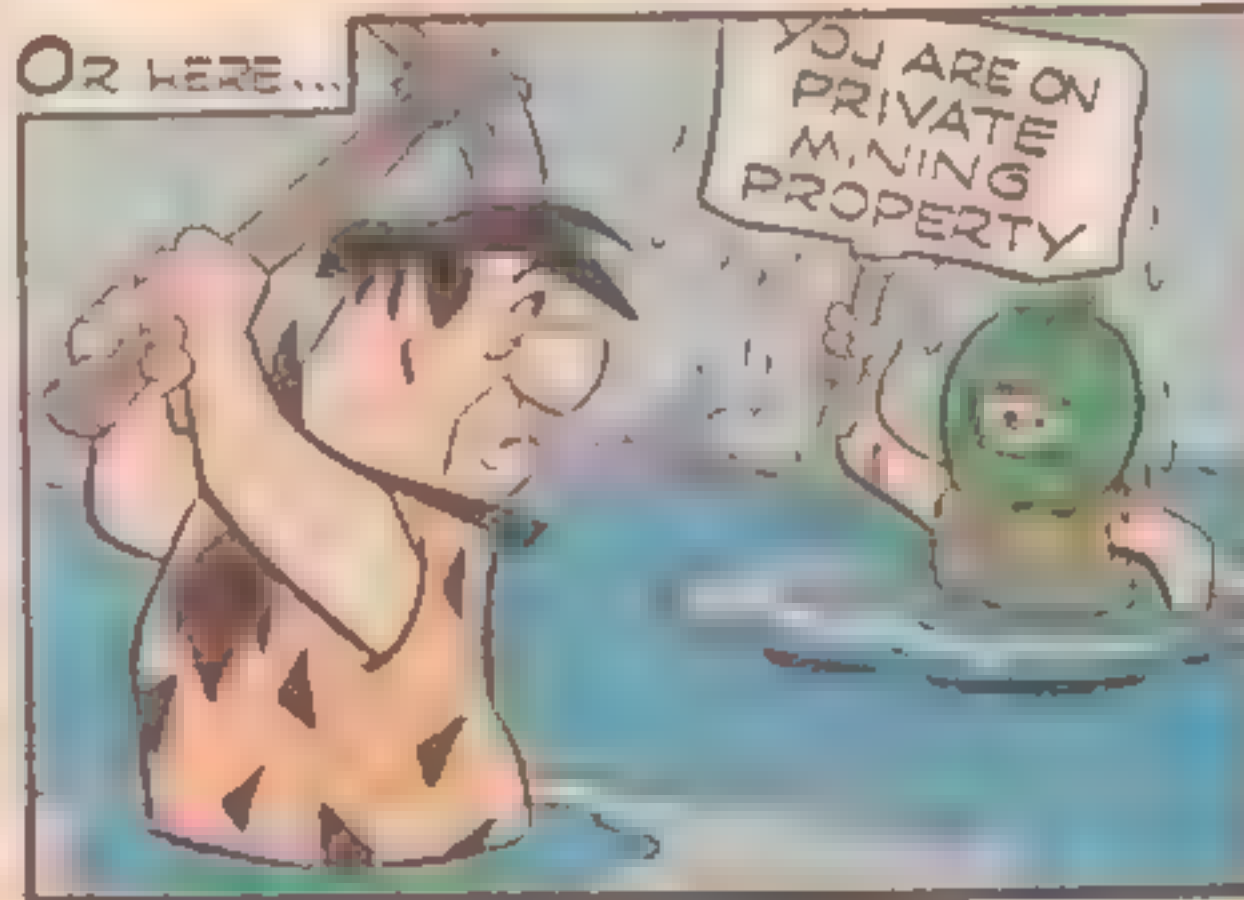
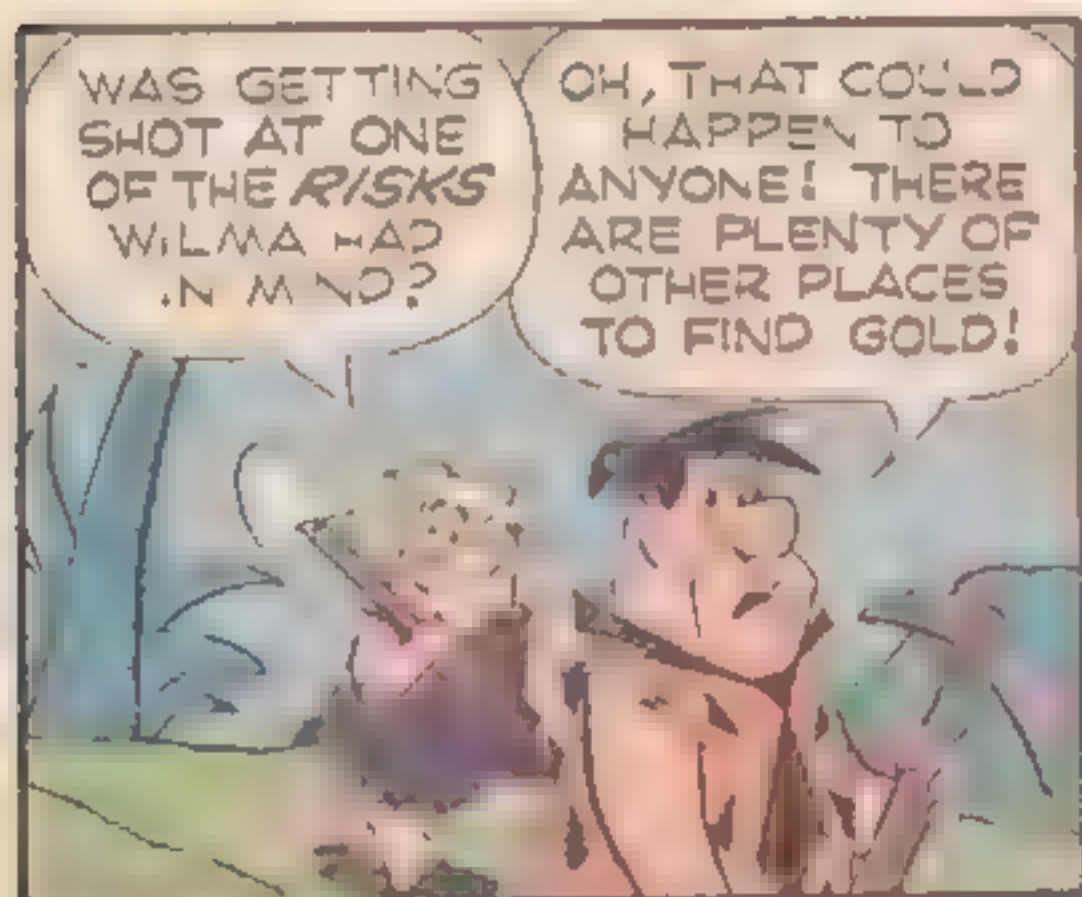
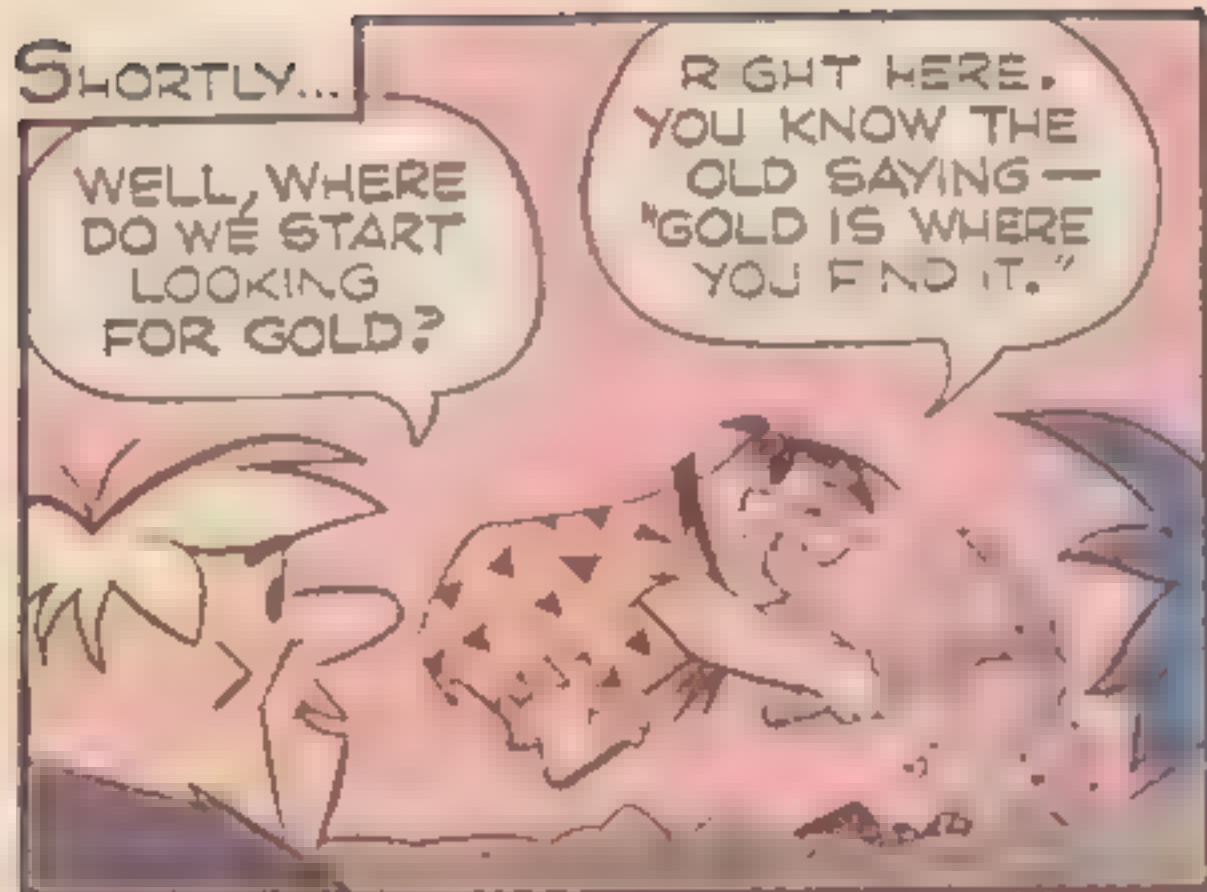


DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE TO GIVE UP A STEADY JOB FOR SUCH A RISKY VENTURE?

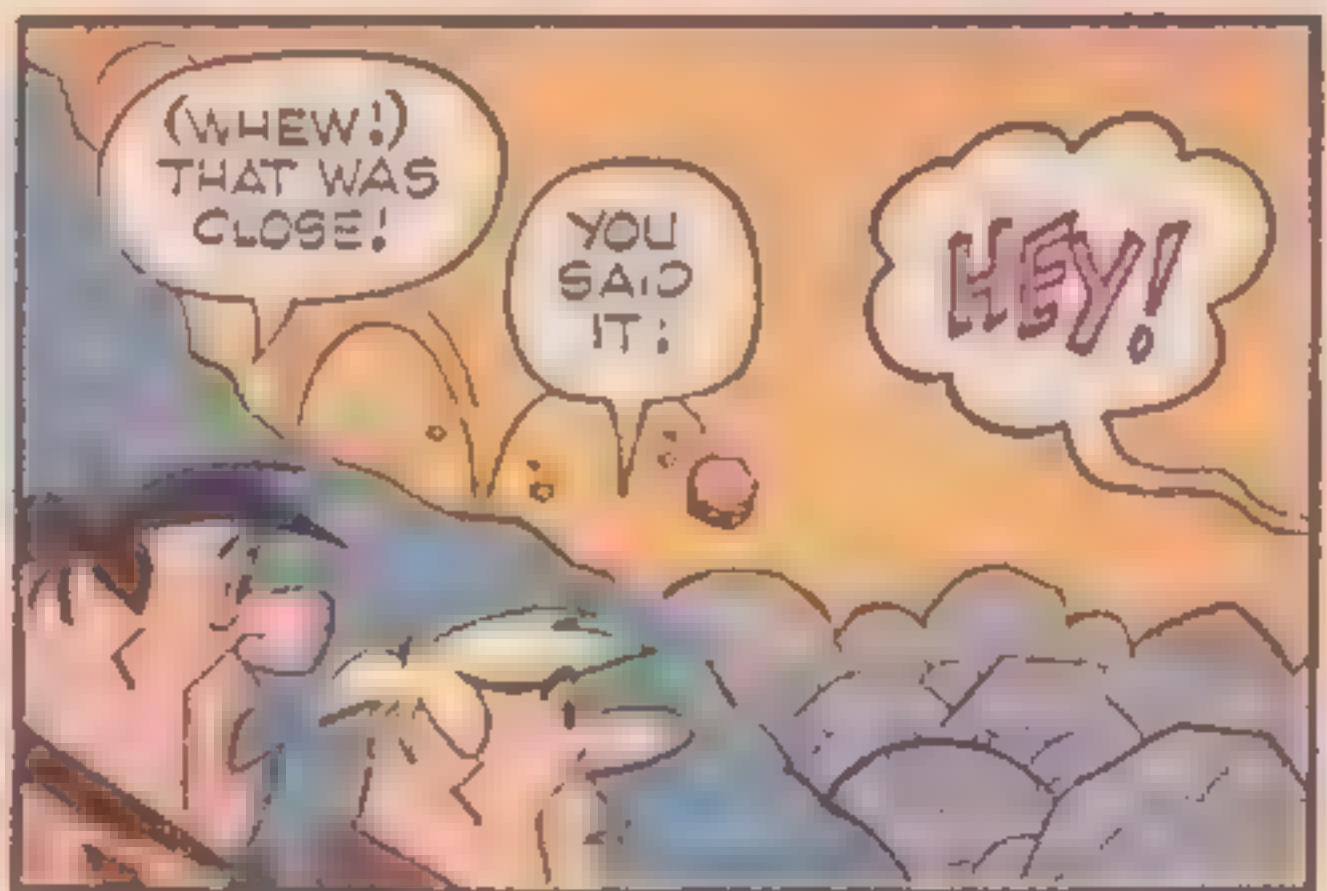
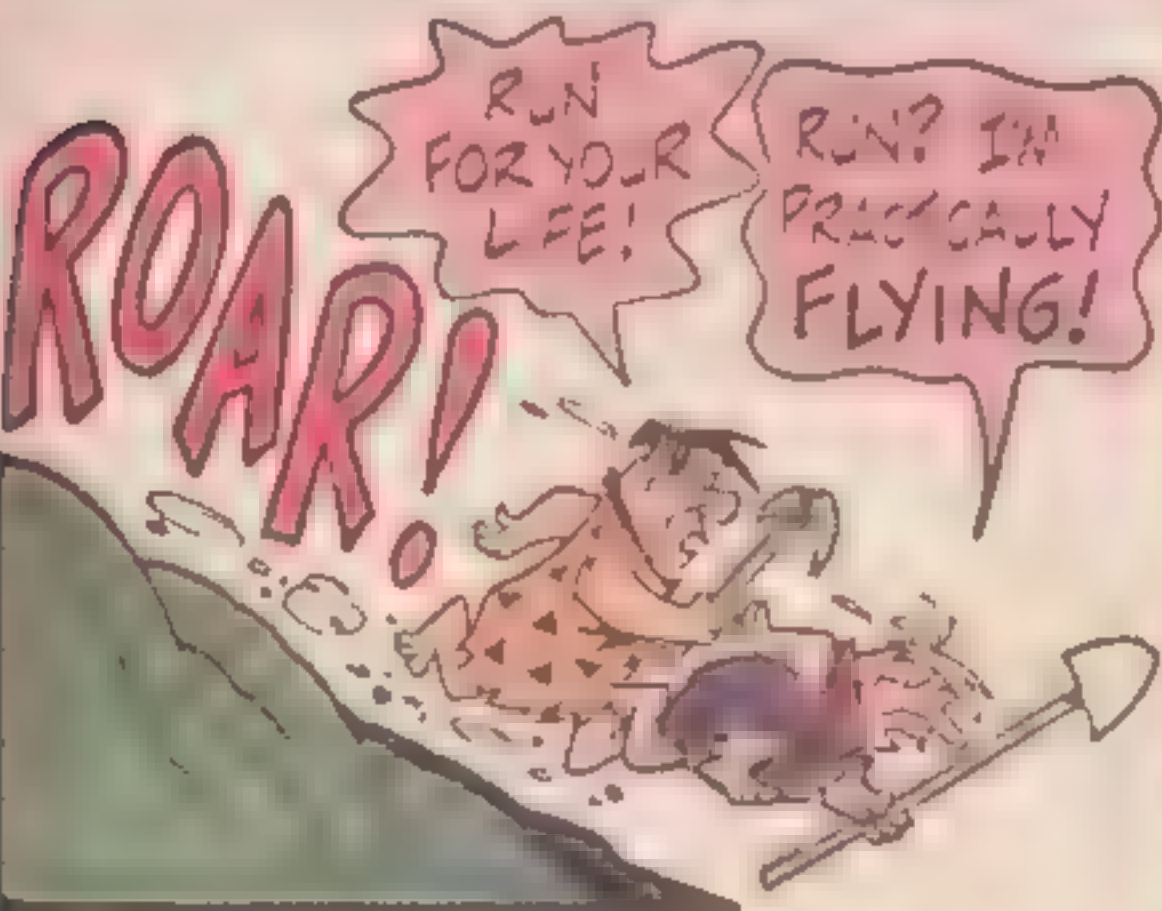
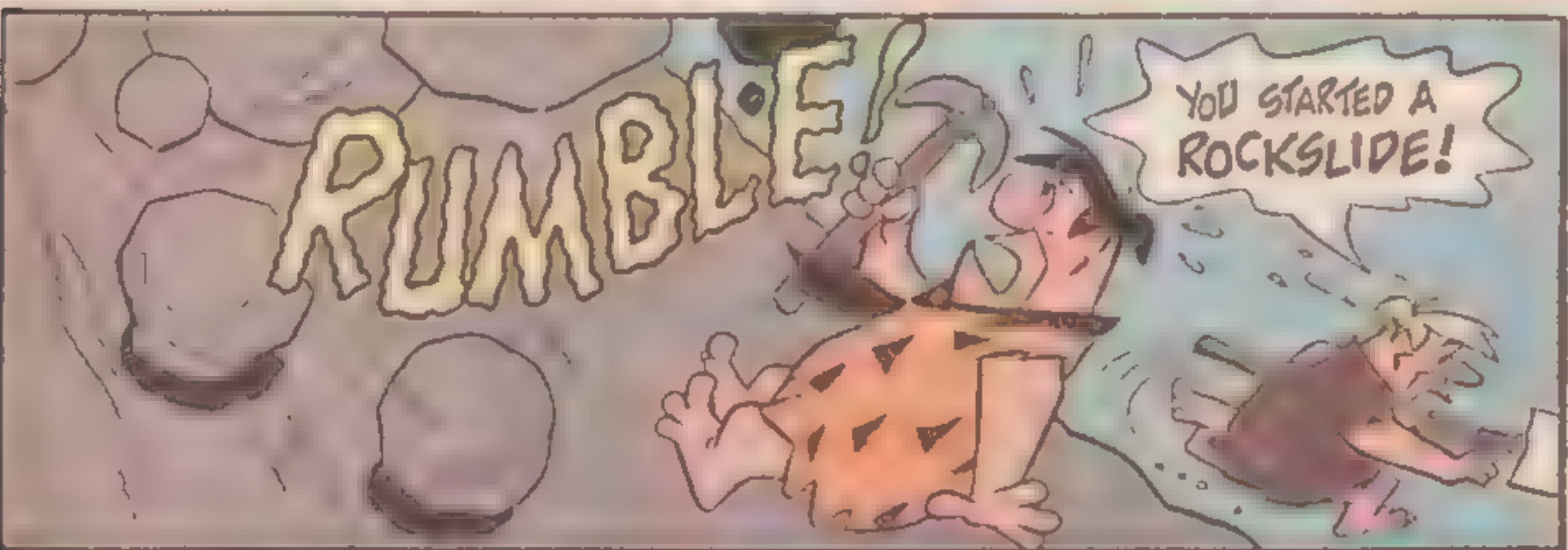
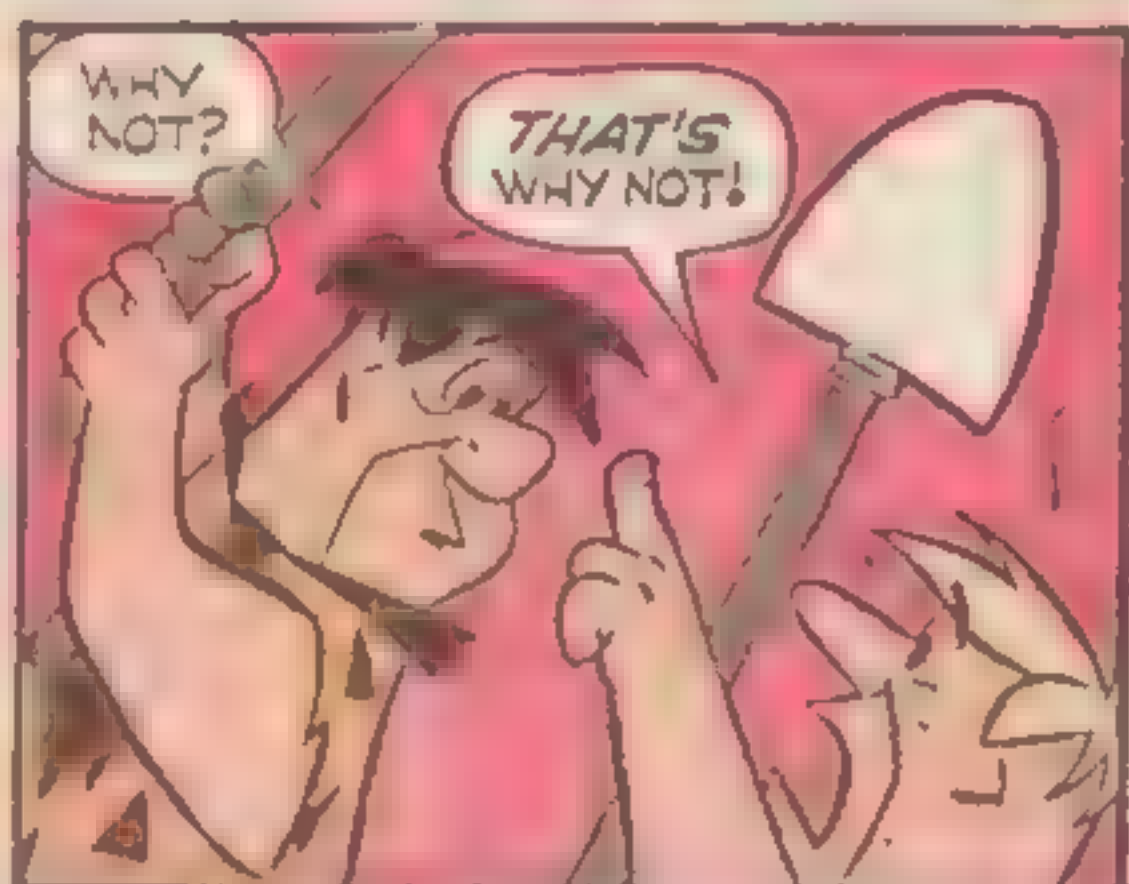
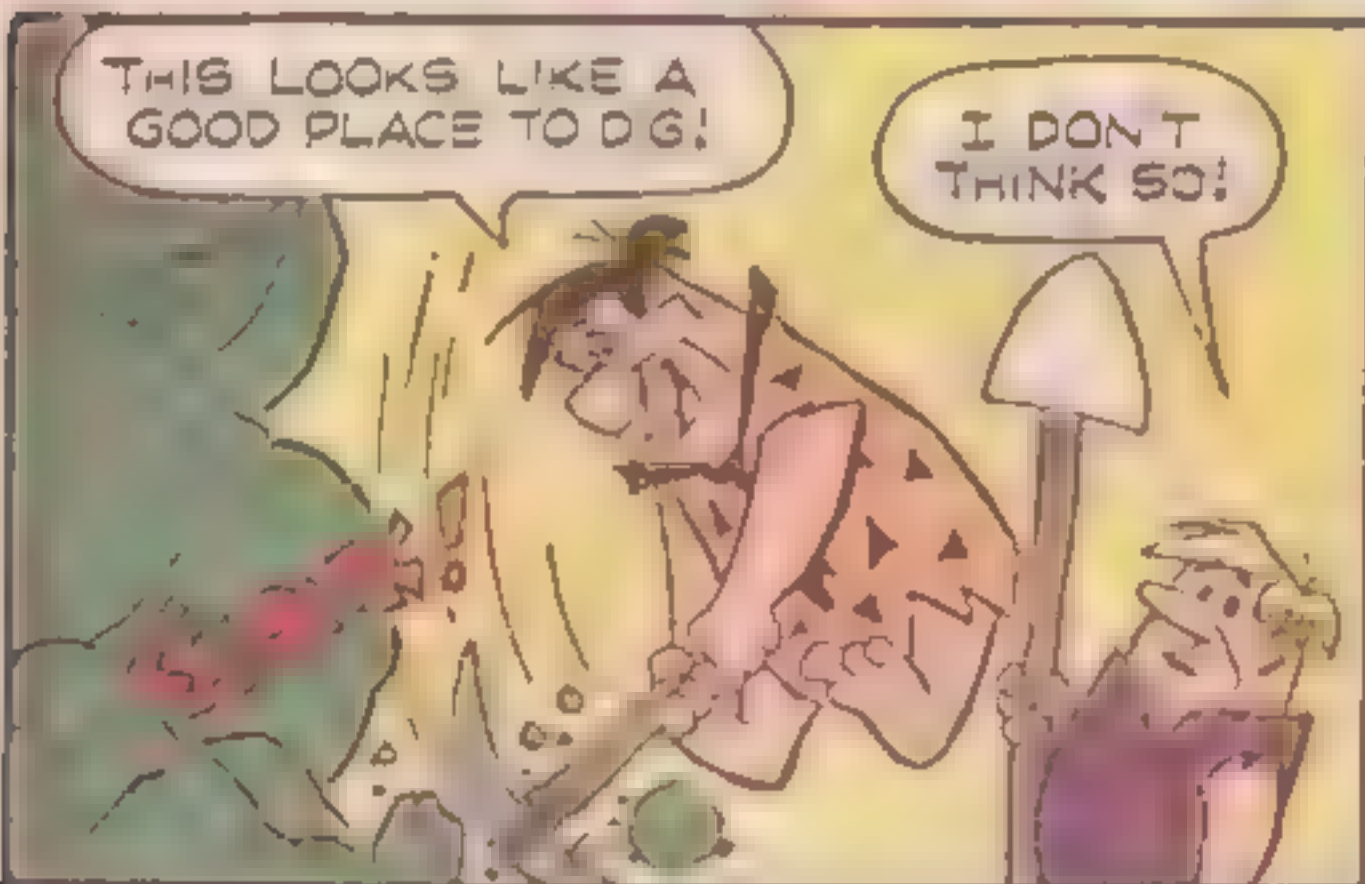
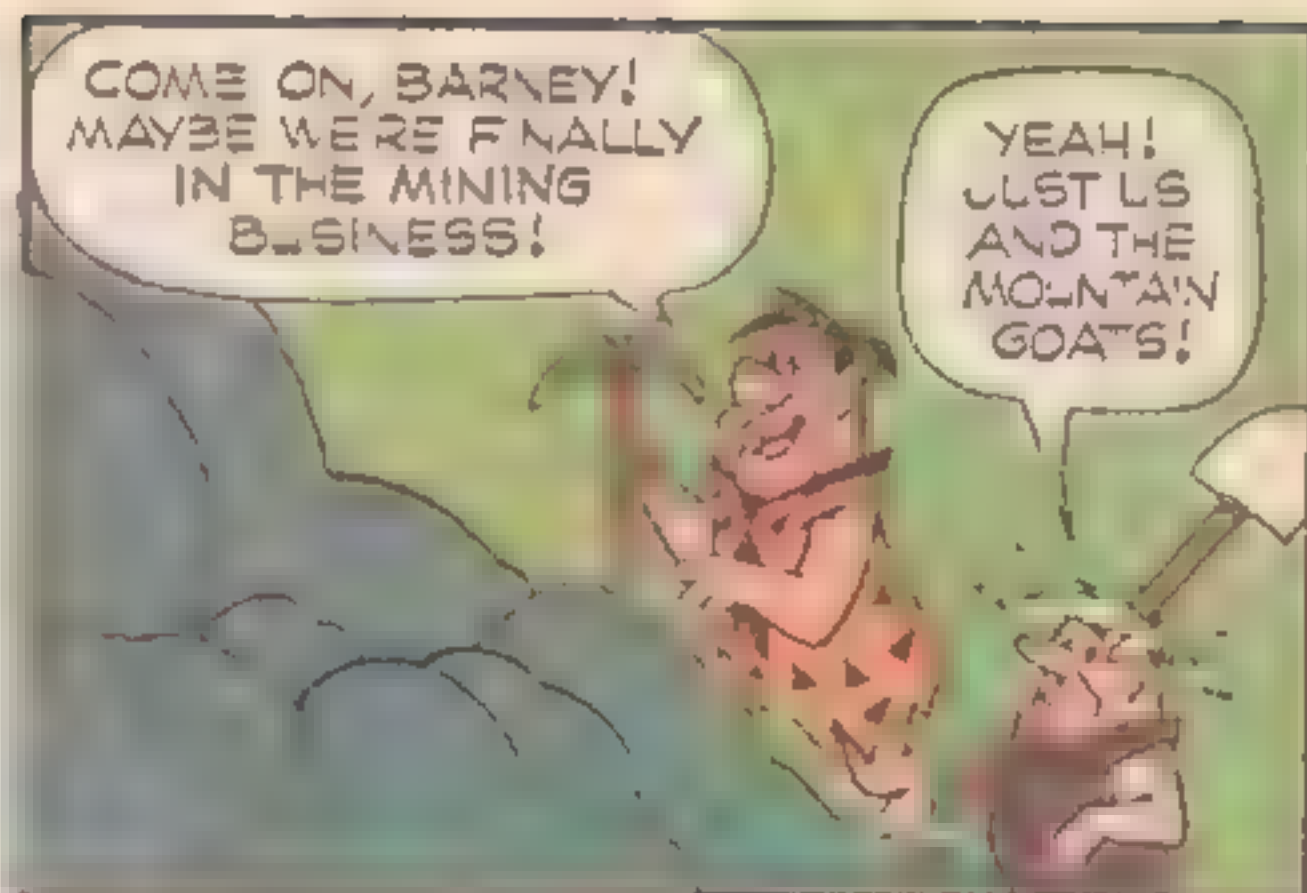
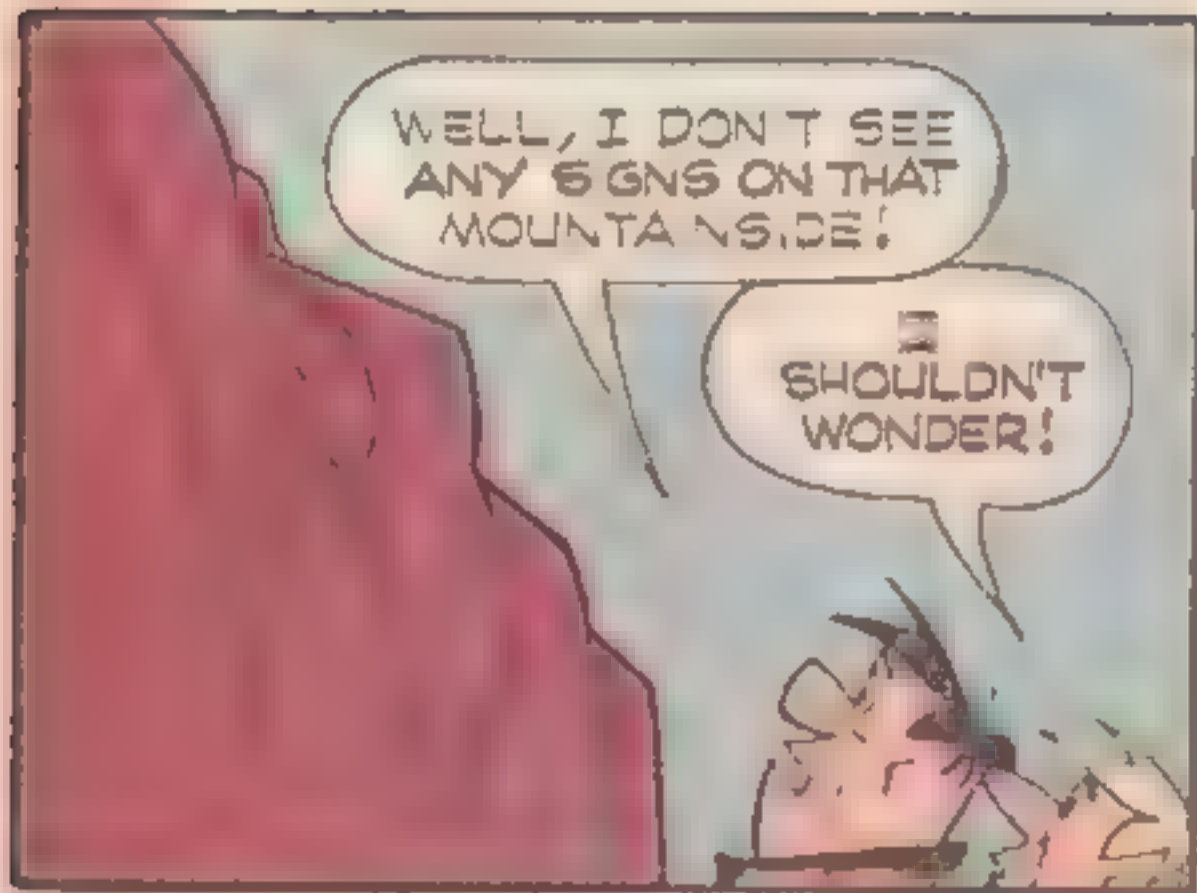
THERE'S NO RISK, WILMA! AFTER ALL, WE DO KNOW OUR ROCKS!



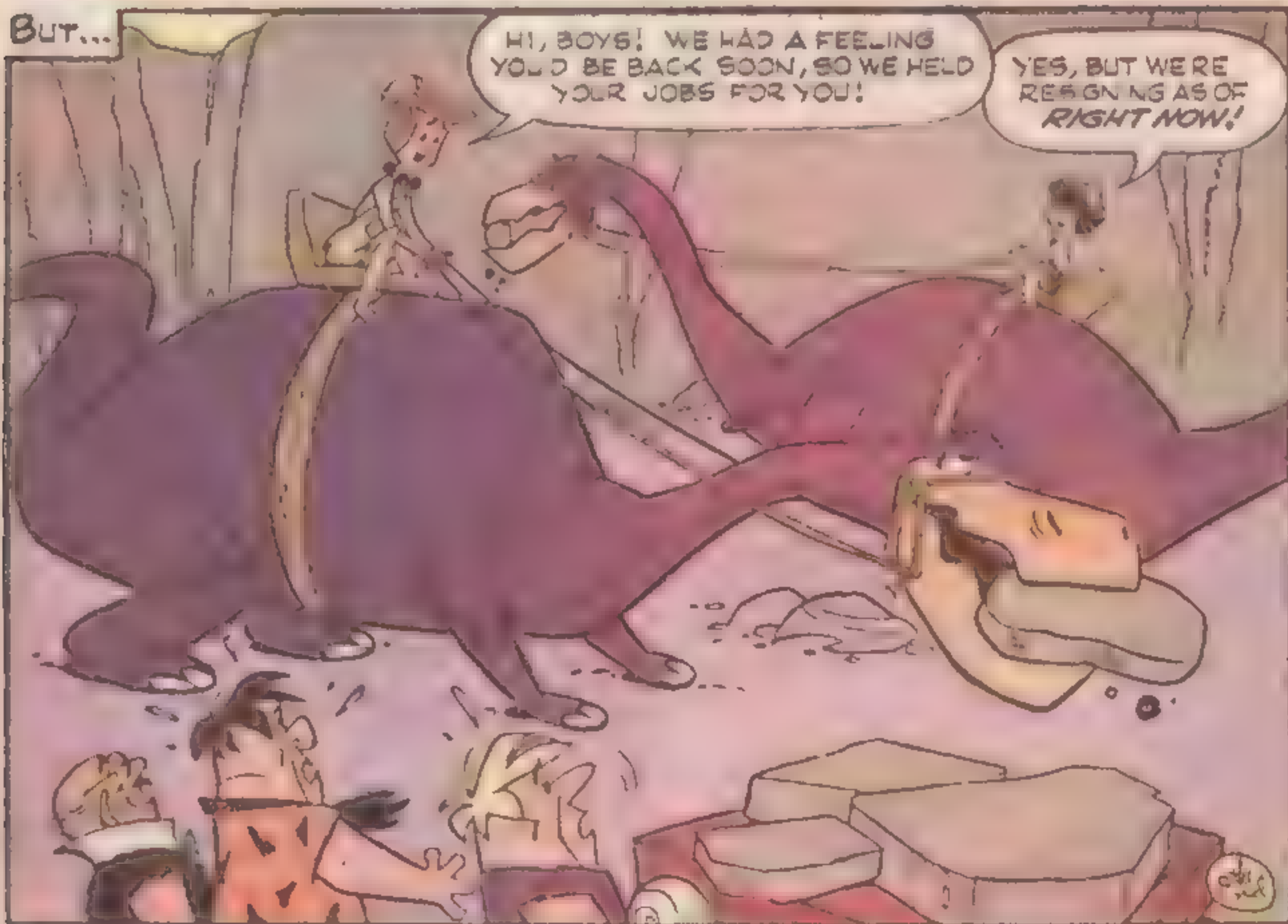
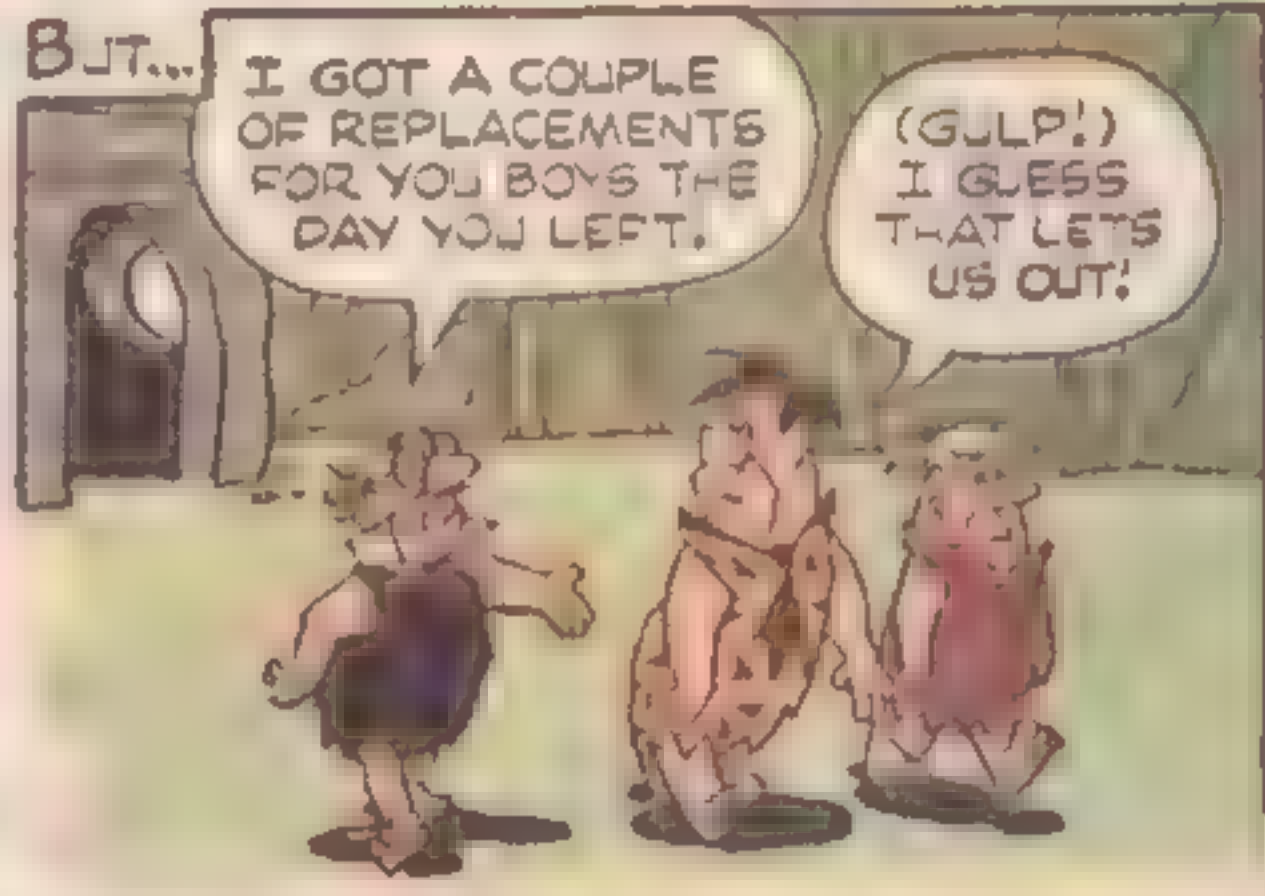
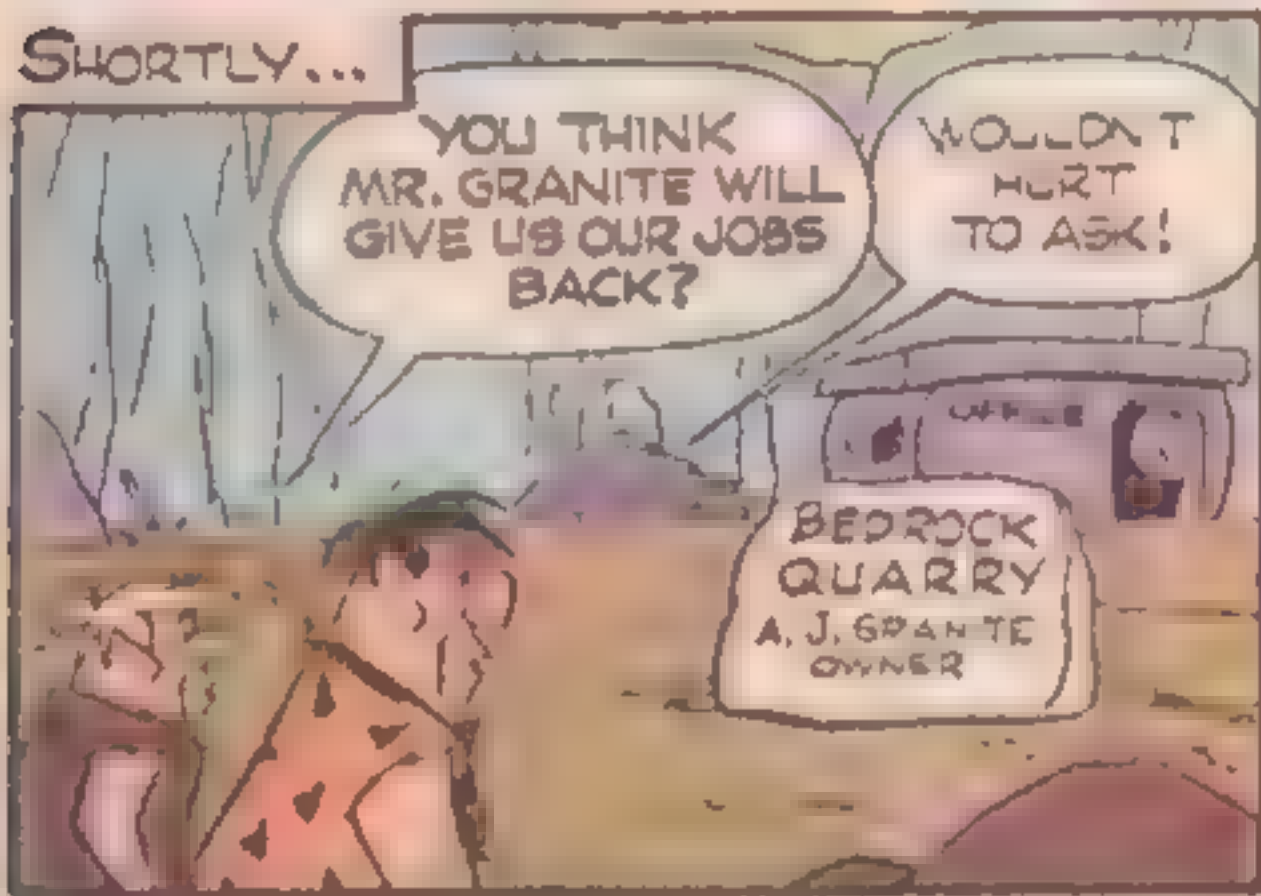














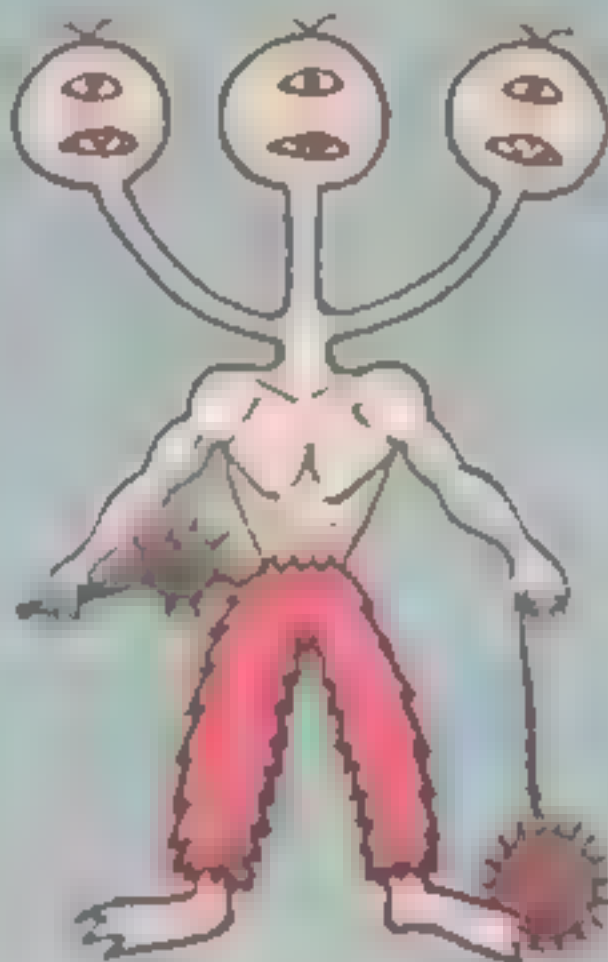


# Reader's Page

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists the are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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THREE HEADED KILLER



Nothing stops a creature as fast as  
 Steve Keith  
 Heidelberg, Germany

LASER CREATURE



Laser beam eyes in mouth destroy all bad fish in sea.  
 Dennis Naylor  
 Kansas City, Missouri

CRAW MONSTER



X-Ray eye destroys all within vision.  
 Romella Rosales  
 El Paso, Texas

MAGNETO THING



Destroys by magnet in its eye.  
 Roy Waliz  
 DeLand, Florida

HORN-A MONSTER



Drives his horn through any moving obstacle.  
 Colleen Wright  
 Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

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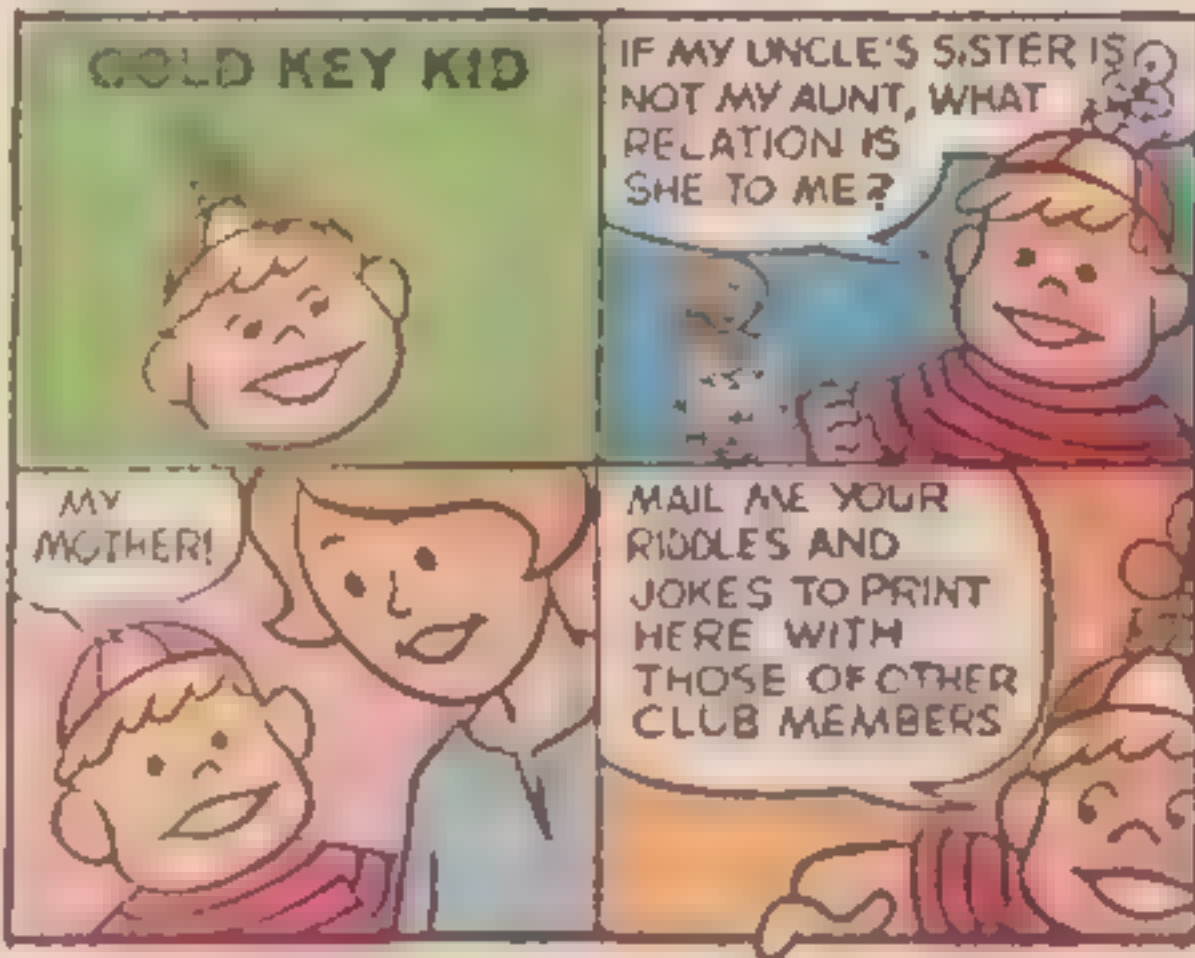
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 WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.  
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 POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601





# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** What is a volcano?

**Answer:** A mountain that blows its top.

Patricia Waite, Springfield, Missouri

**Riddle:** Why does Santa Claus have a garden?

**Answer:** So he can ho ho ho!

Sherry Ammons, San Jose, California

**Riddle:** How does the fireplace feel when you fill it with coal?

**Answer:** Grate-full.

Lisa Graunke, Hinsdale, Illinois

**Doctor:** You say you can't sleep. Did you try counting sheep?

**Joe:** Yes, I counted to 485,656 but then it was time to get up.

Nancy Delcellier, Clinton, Ontario, Canada

**Mother:** Did you thank Mrs. Porter for the party?

**Daughter:** No, the girl ahead of me did and Mrs. Porter said "Don't mention it," so I didn't.

Eileen Pigott, Hyde Park, Massachusetts

**Traffic Cop:** When I saw you driving down that road I said to myself, "Fifty-five, at least!"

**Woman Motorist:** Well, that's not right. It's only this hat that makes me look that old!

Eileen C. Young, South Ozone Park, New York

**Riddle:** How many sides has a barrel?

**Answer:** Two — inside and outside.

Tony Sardjono, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

**Betty:** Why are you writing that letter so slowly?

**Peggy:** It's to my cousin — he can't read fast.

Deborah Malicky, Spangler, Pennsylvania

**Riddle:** What letter is never found in the alphabet?

**Answer:** The one you put in the mail.

Dianne D. Fitzpatrick, APO, San Francisco, California

**Gary:** If you were surrounded by two lions, three tigers and one leopard, how would you get away from them?

**Mike:** Stop the merry-go-round and get off.

Gary Gneiting, Whittier, California

**Husband:** This lettuce tastes funny.

**Wife:** It shouldn't — all I did was wash it in soap and water.

Uma Tyer, New York, New York

**Riddle:** How can you tell when a train has gone by?

**Answer:** It leaves its tracks.

Lissa Brown, Lazbuddie, Texas

**Riddle:** What do skeletons say about the cold weather?

**Answer:** This wind just goes right through me.

Nancy Putney, Lisbon, New York

**Sally:** I see you have an invitation to Mary's party, too.

**Tim:** Yes, but I can't go. It says from four to six and I'm nine.

Mitz Fanning, Jackson, Wyoming

**Riddle:** What breaks but never falls? And what falls but never breaks?

**Answer:** Day breaks, and night falls.

Ignacio Gallegos, Chicago, Illinois

**Riddle:** What has branches, but no bark?

**Answer:** A bank.

Shaw Kenion, Wilson, North Carolina

**Lorie:** Did anyone laugh at you when you fell on the ice?

**Susie:** No, but the ice made some bad cracks.

Peggy Clevenger, Dover, Delaware

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# DINOSAURIA

## STEGOSAURUS



In the Upper Jurassic age, a walking armored tank emerged — the stegosaurus. Reaching lengths of over thirty feet and standing about eight feet high, this group of dinosaurs was marked by its double row of large, thick shields and a body covered by leather-hard horny plates. The bone shields pointed upward and were smallest at the stegosaurus' head and biggest at its lower back. It advanced on all fours — its feet were short and broad and were therefore able to take the jarring shock of several tons of weight as the dinosaur walked in search of soft plant food.



The stegosaurus' brain was strikingly small, the size of a walnut! A second nerve center on the spinal cord may have controlled the hind legs and tail.



Besides the protective shields and body plates, the stegosaurus was armed with two pairs of long, bony tail spines that could be swung viciously at any attacker.



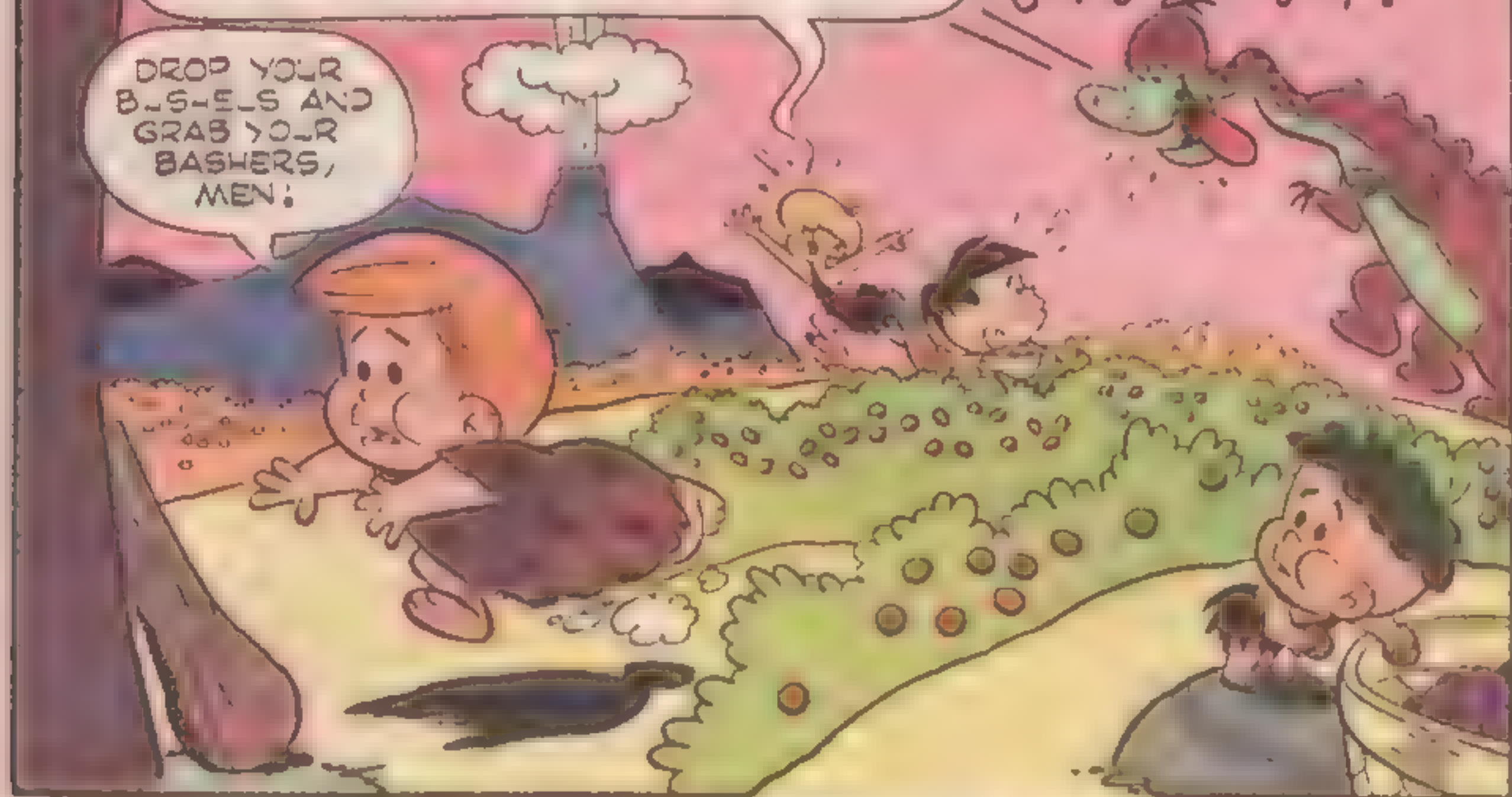
# CAVE KIDS

# THE CLOBBER MACHINE

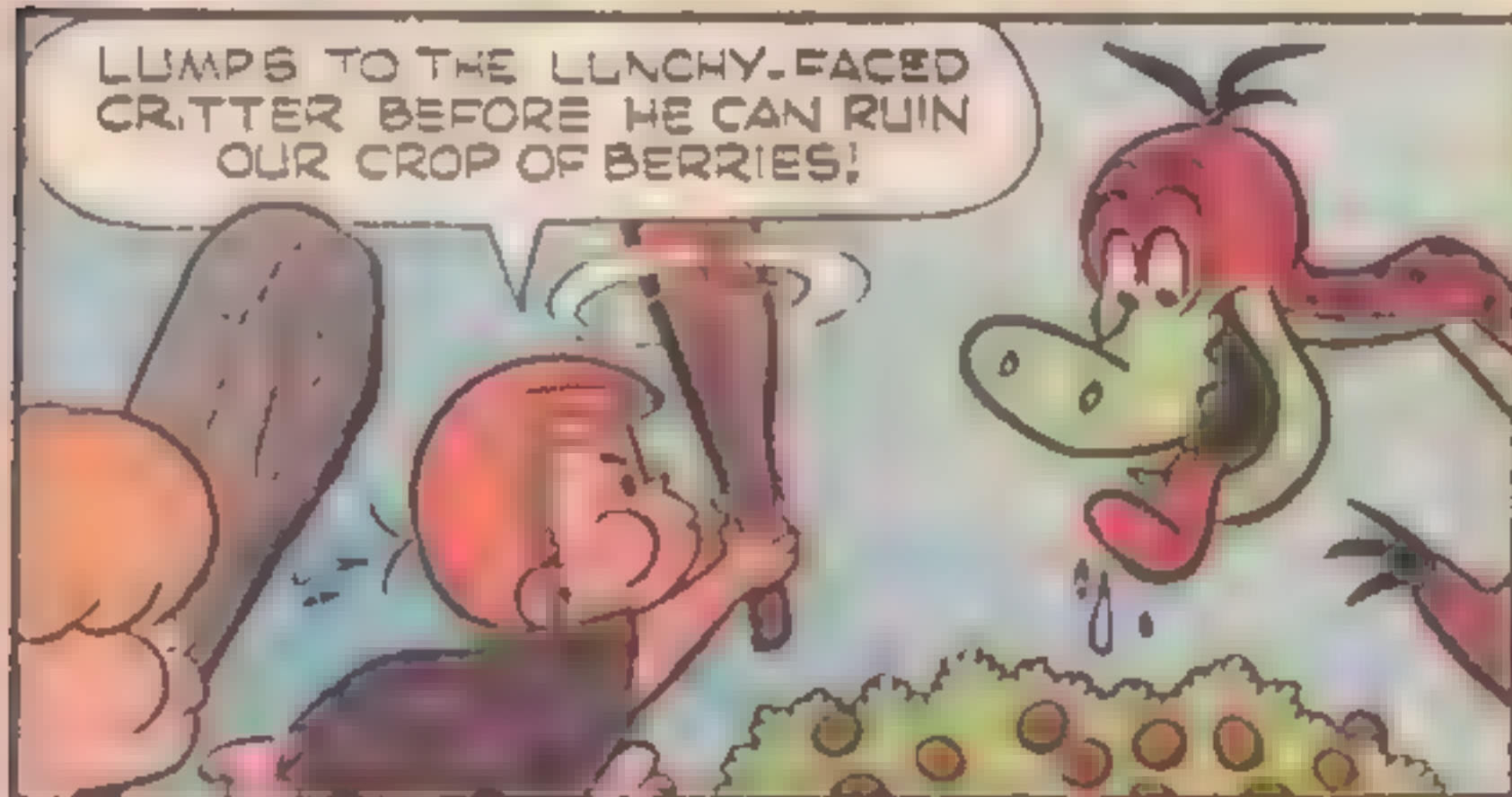
A SNACKY-SAURUS IS COMING!  
A SNACKY-SAURUS IS COMING!

SCHOOOOOORP!

DROP YOUR  
BUS-ELS AND  
GRAB YOUR  
BASHERS,  
MEN!



LUMPS TO THE LUNCHY-FACED  
CRITTER BEFORE HE CAN RUIN  
OUR CROP OF BERRIES!



TAKE THAT... UGH!



LEMME  
AT HIM!

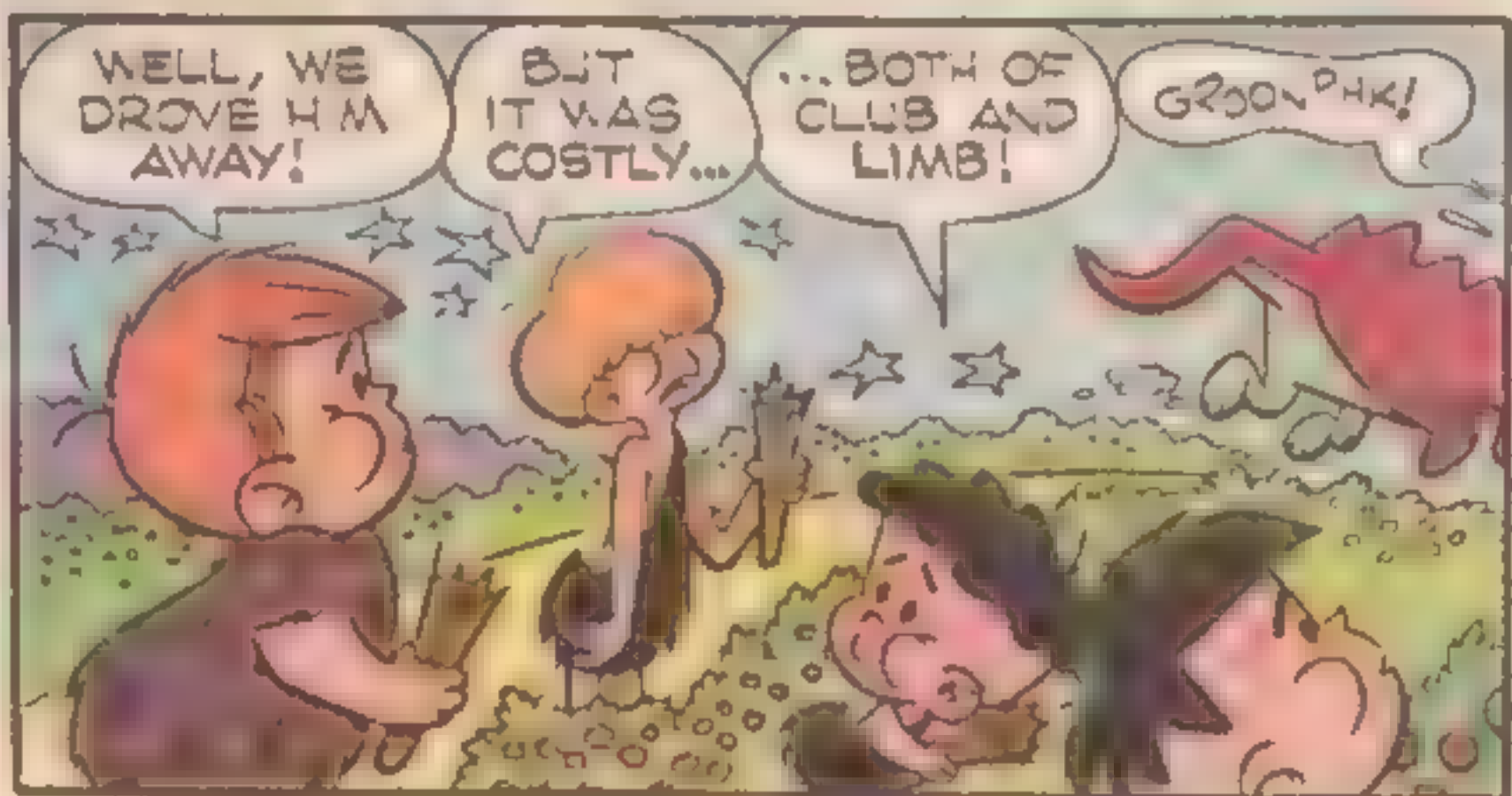
**BASH!** **BONK!**  
SPLINTER!  
**BASH!**  
SMASH!  
CRACK!  
KONK!

WELL, WE  
DROVE HIM  
AWAY!

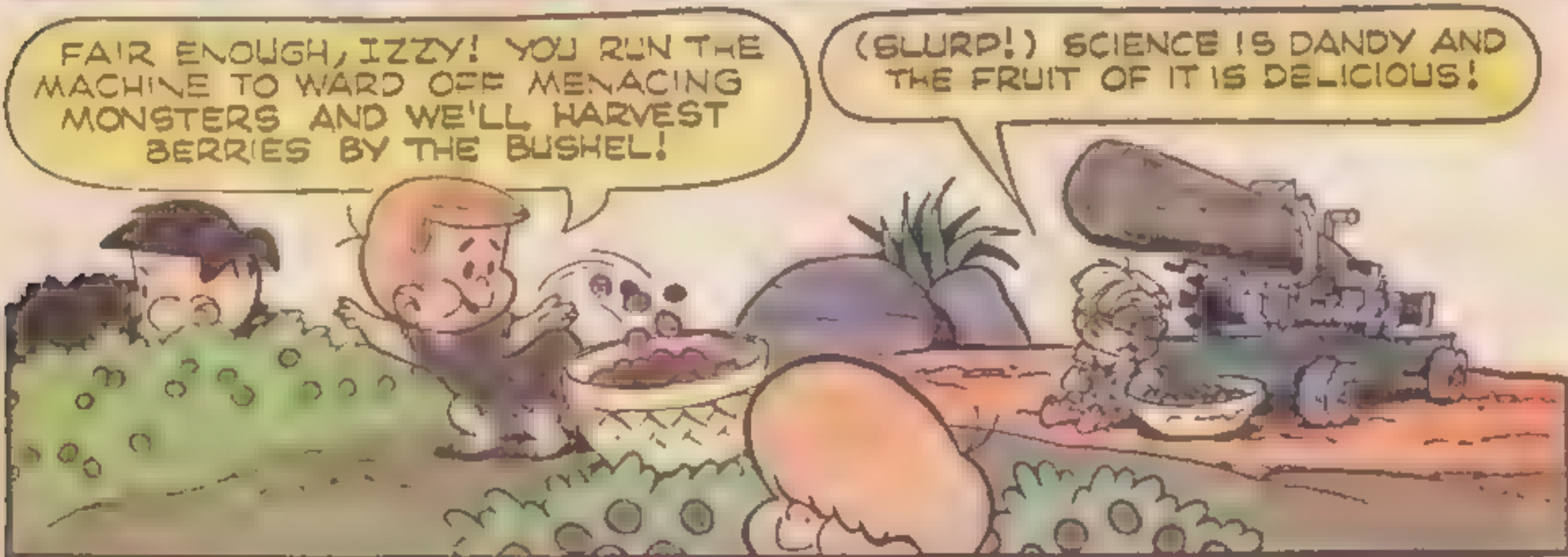
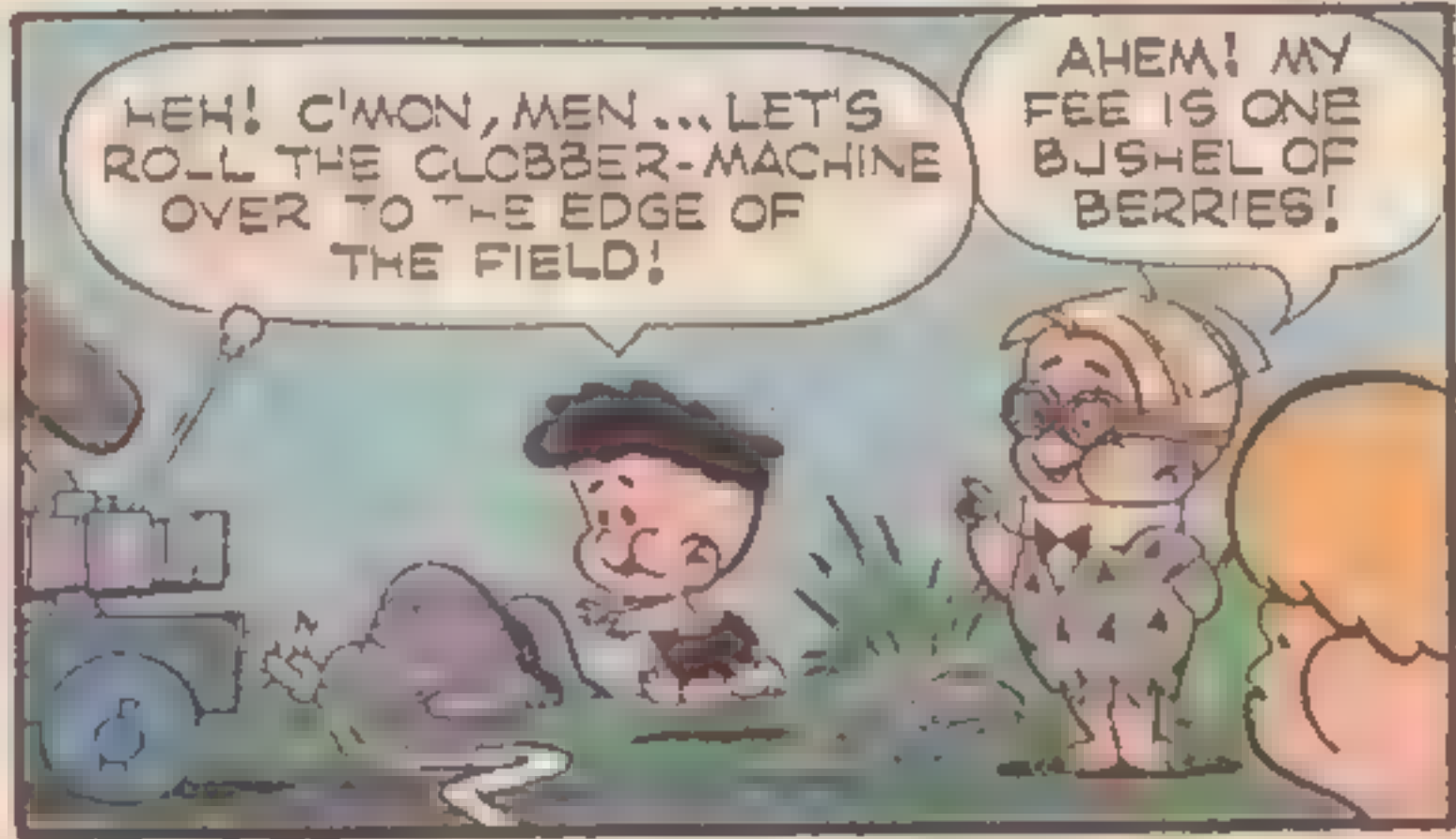
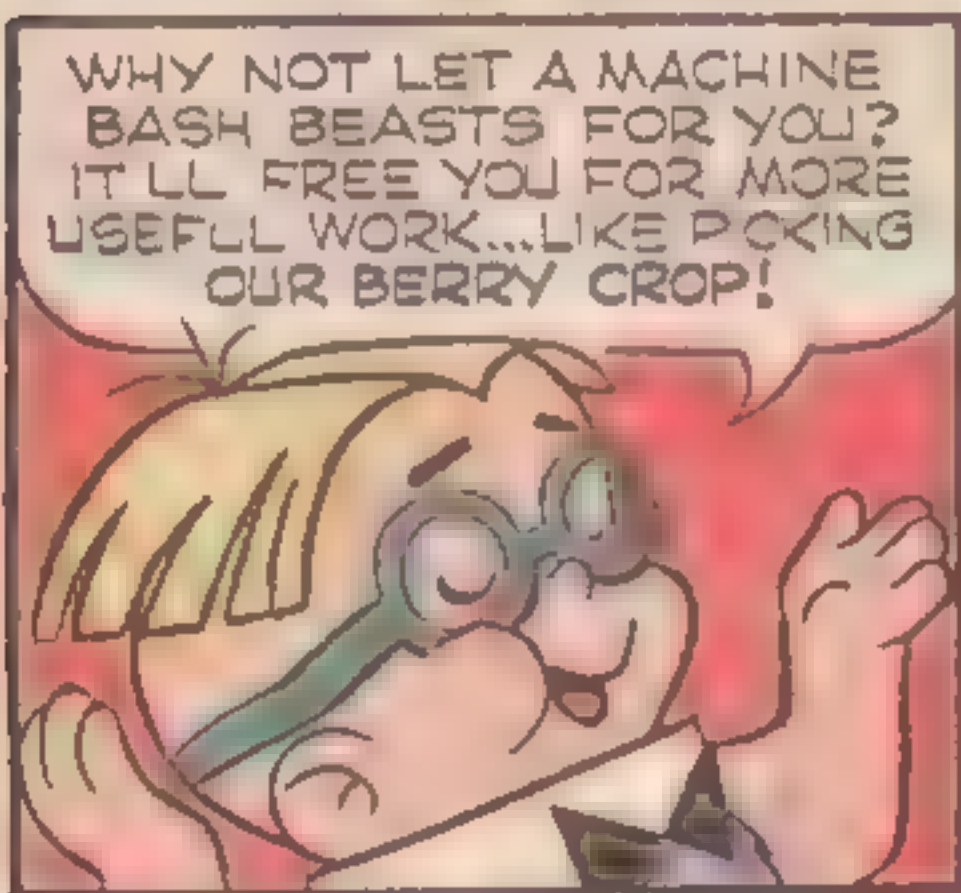
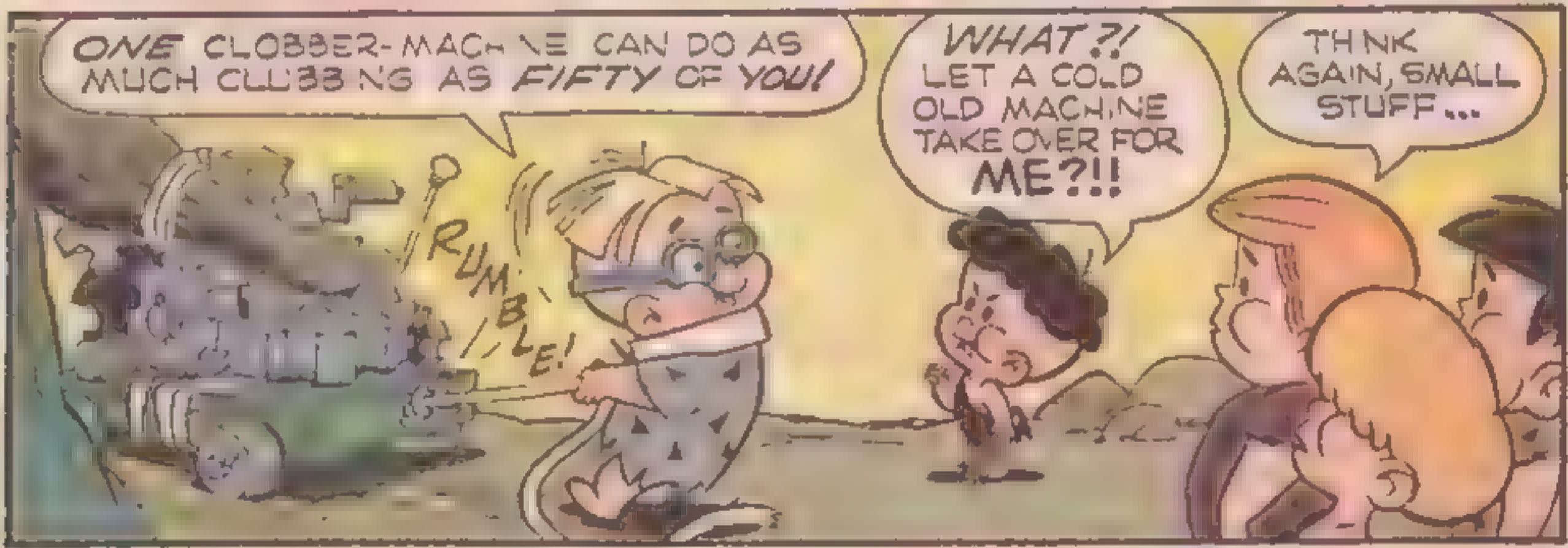
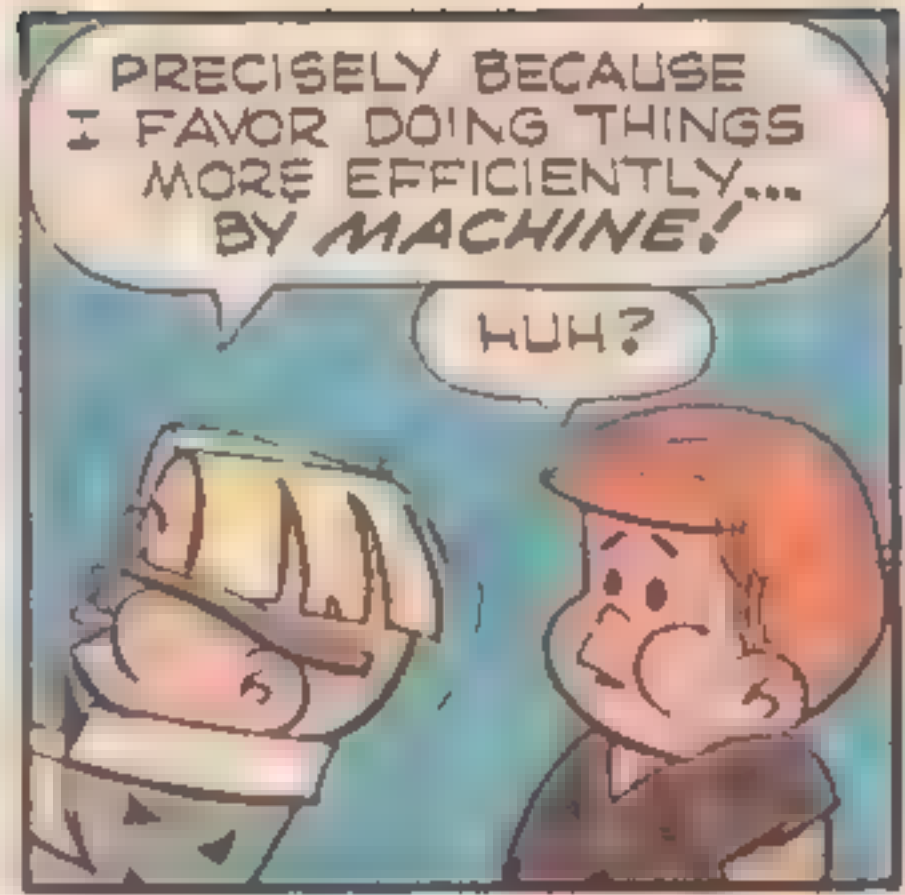
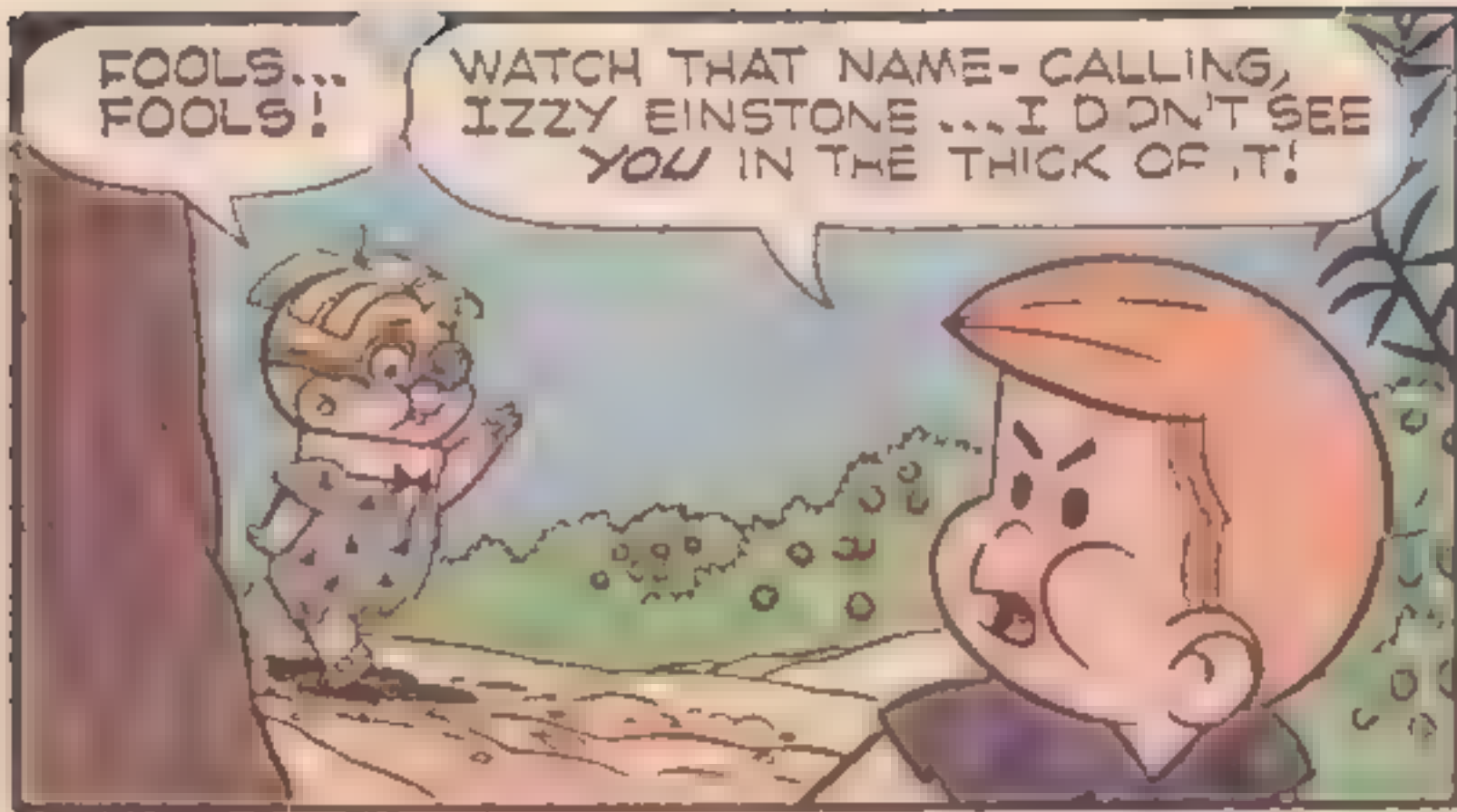
BUT  
IT WAS  
COSTLY...

... BOTH OF  
CLUB AND  
LIMB!

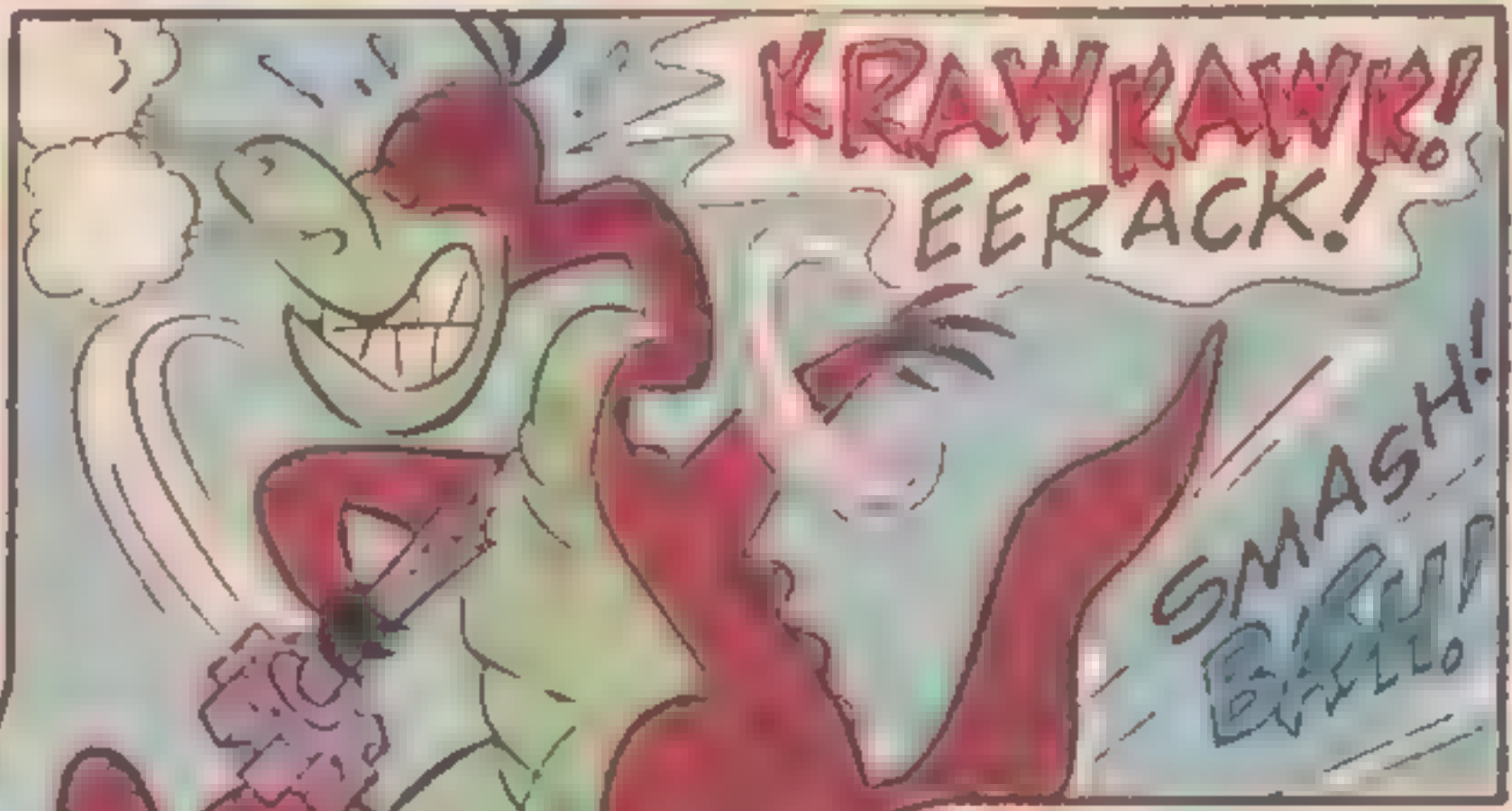
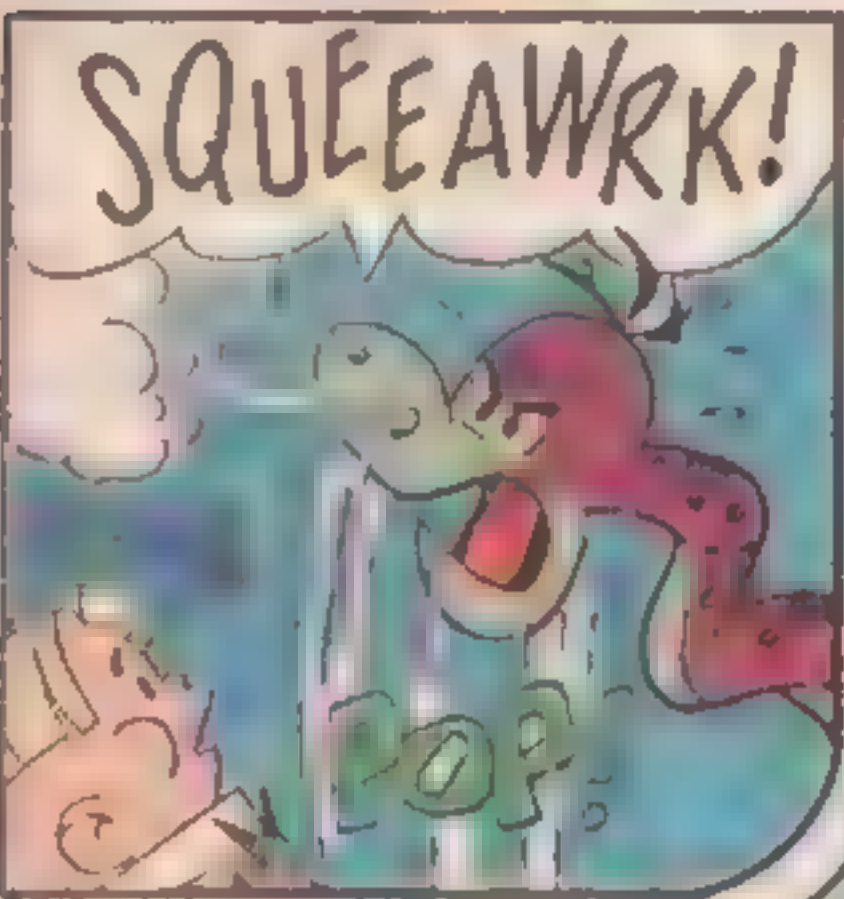
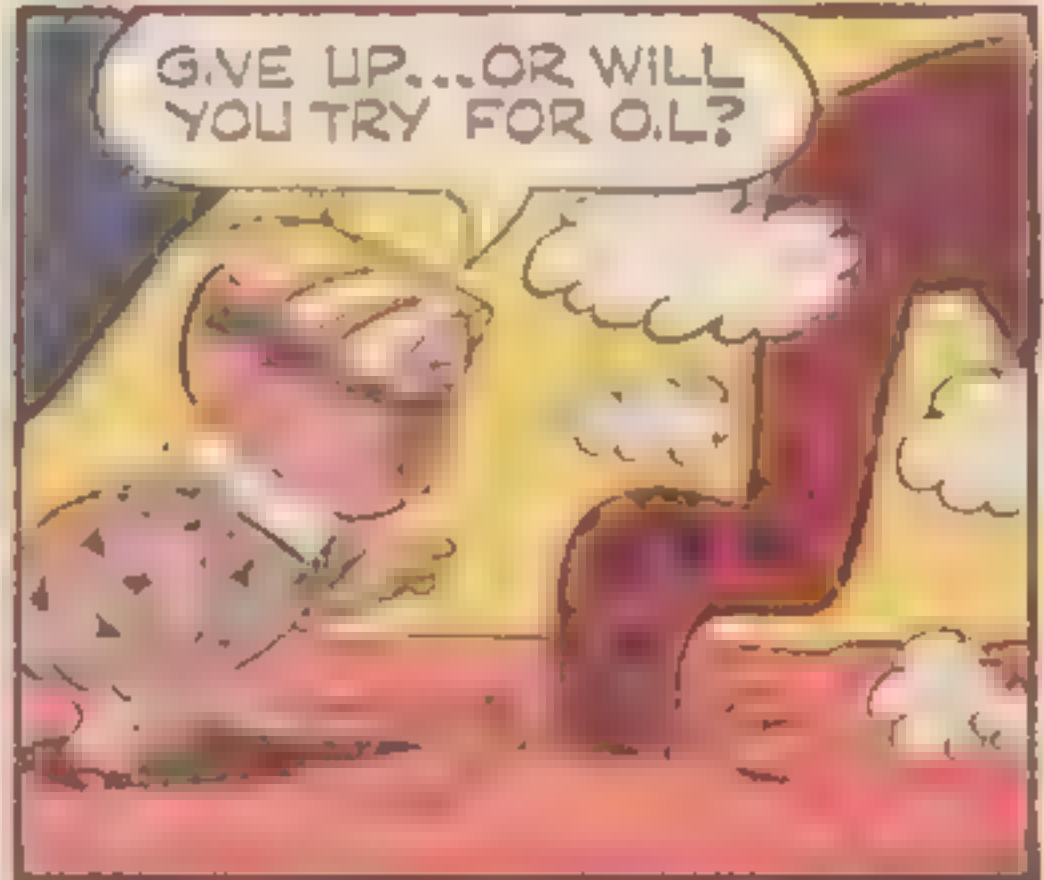
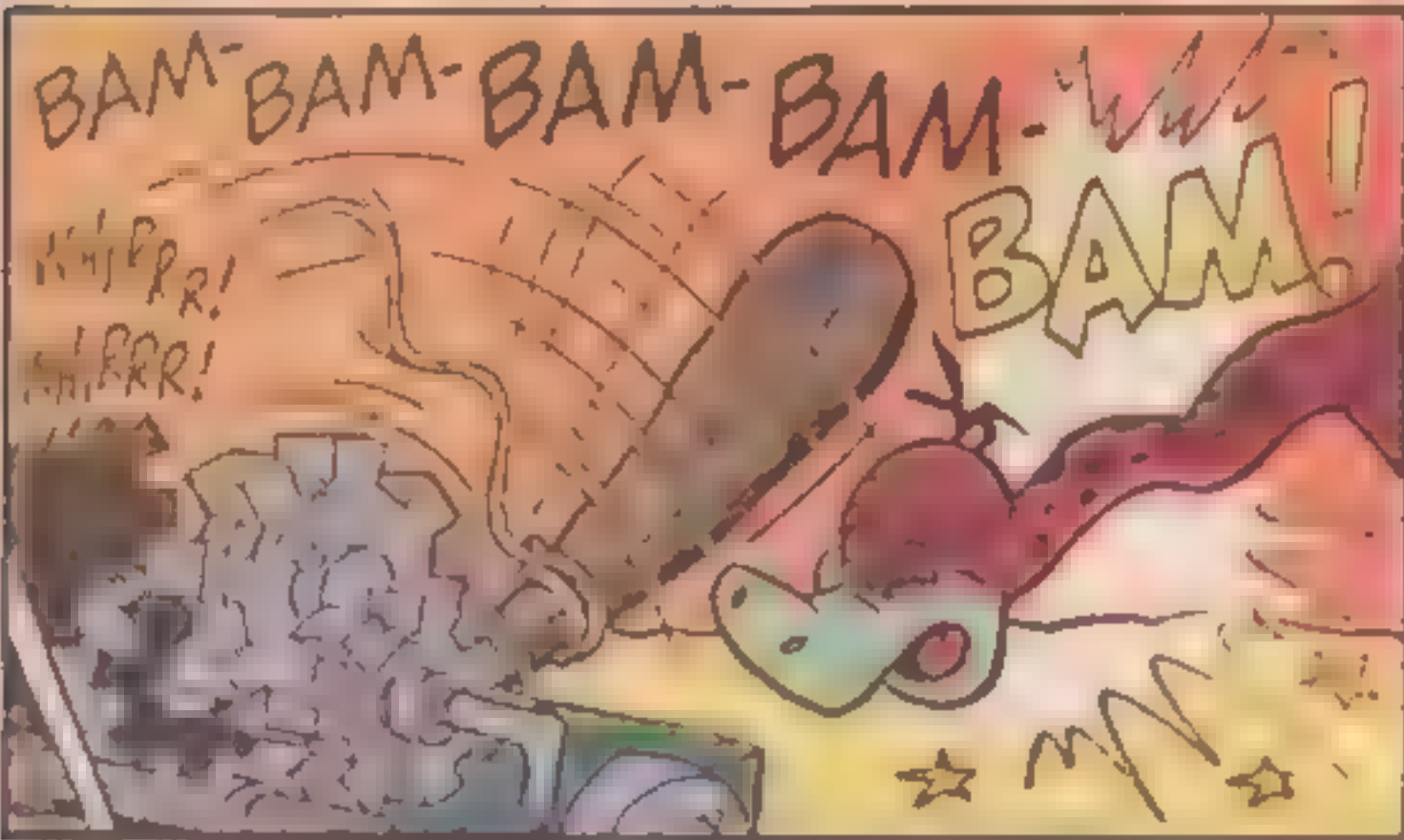
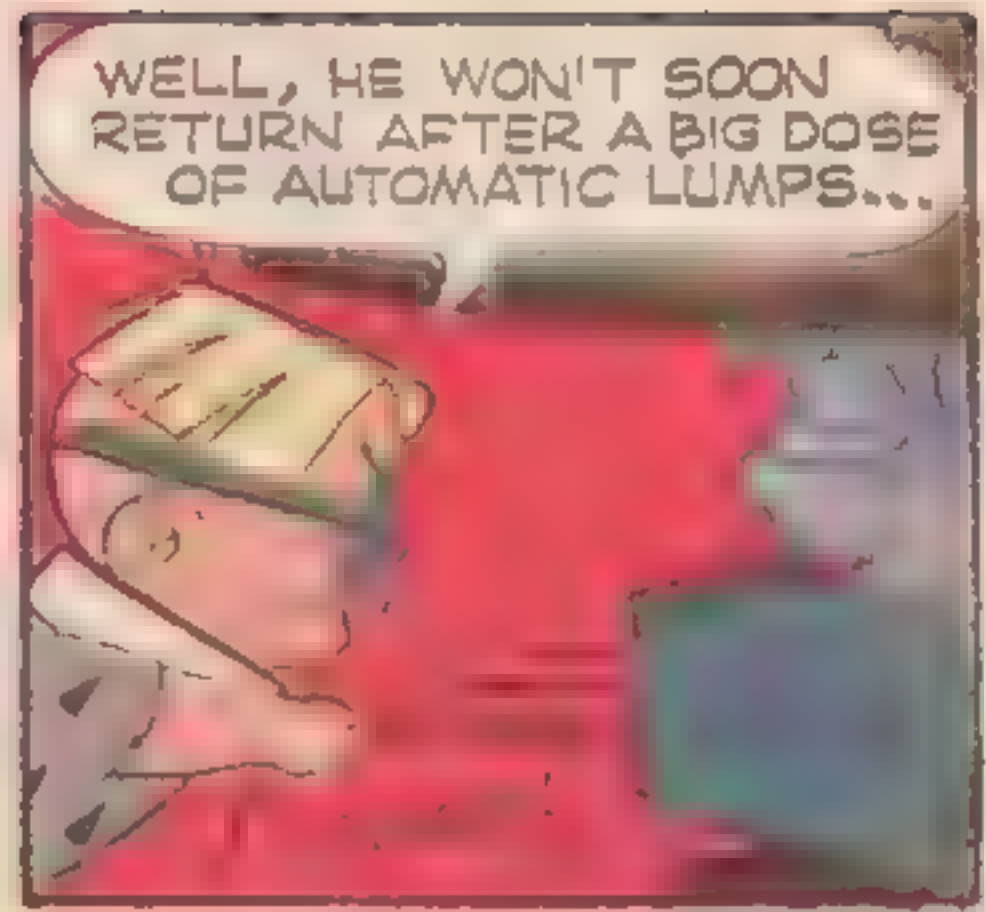
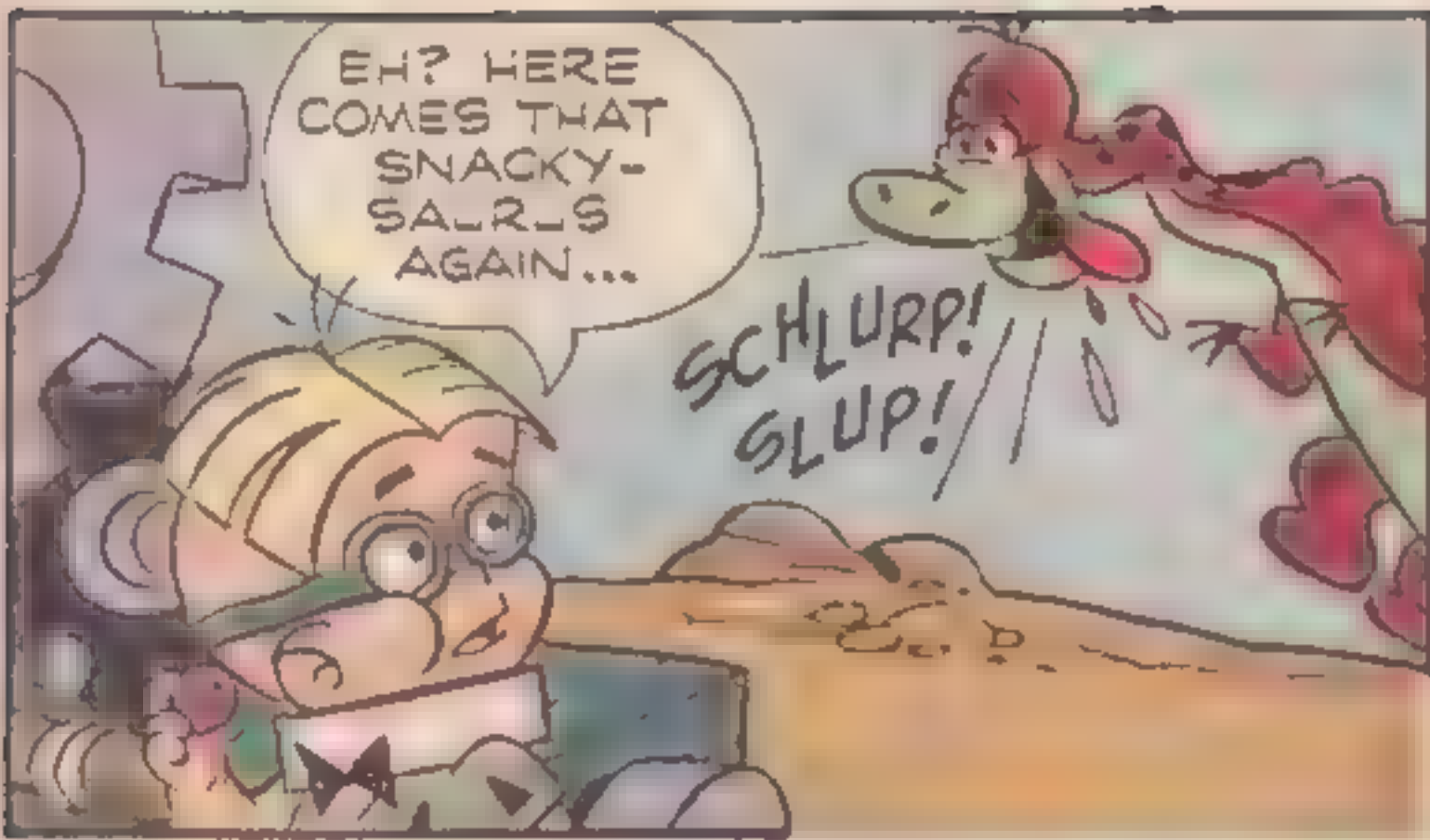
GRONDHK!



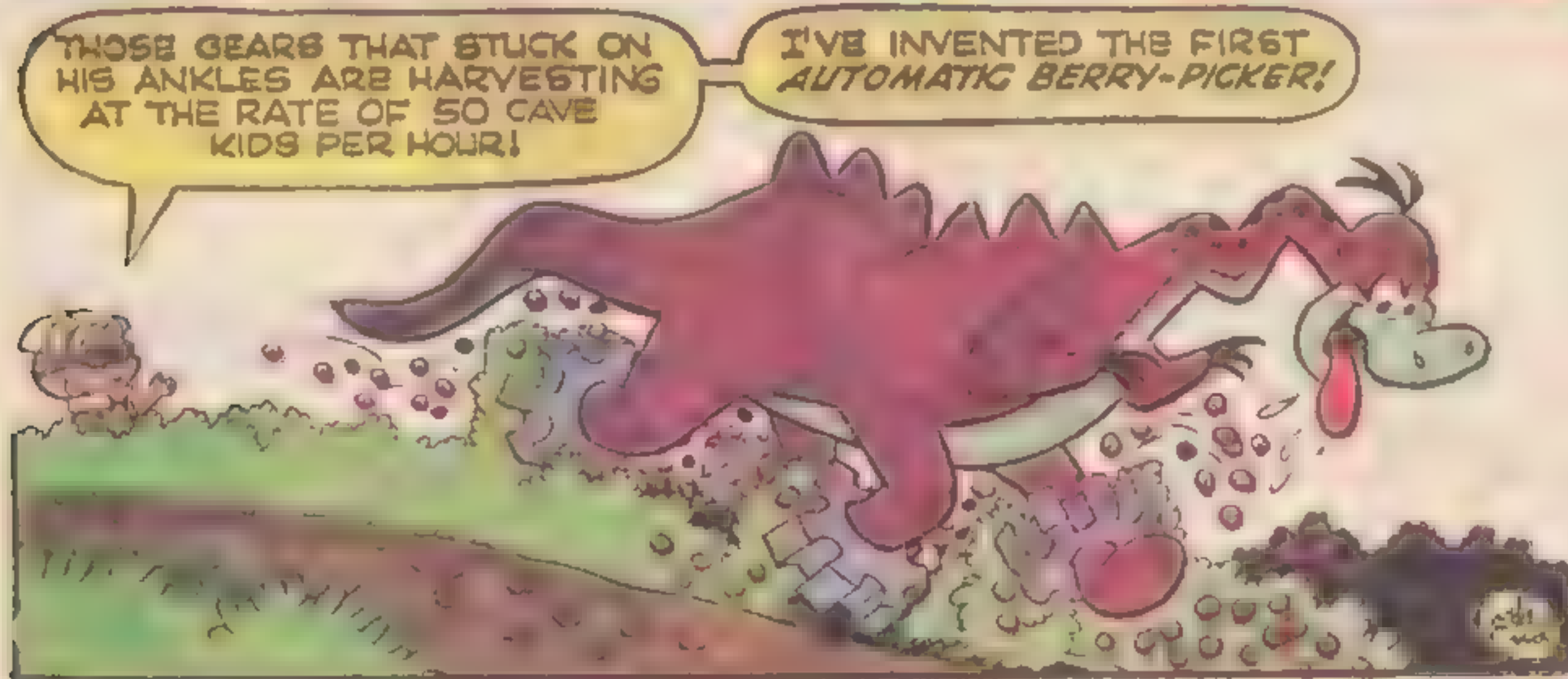
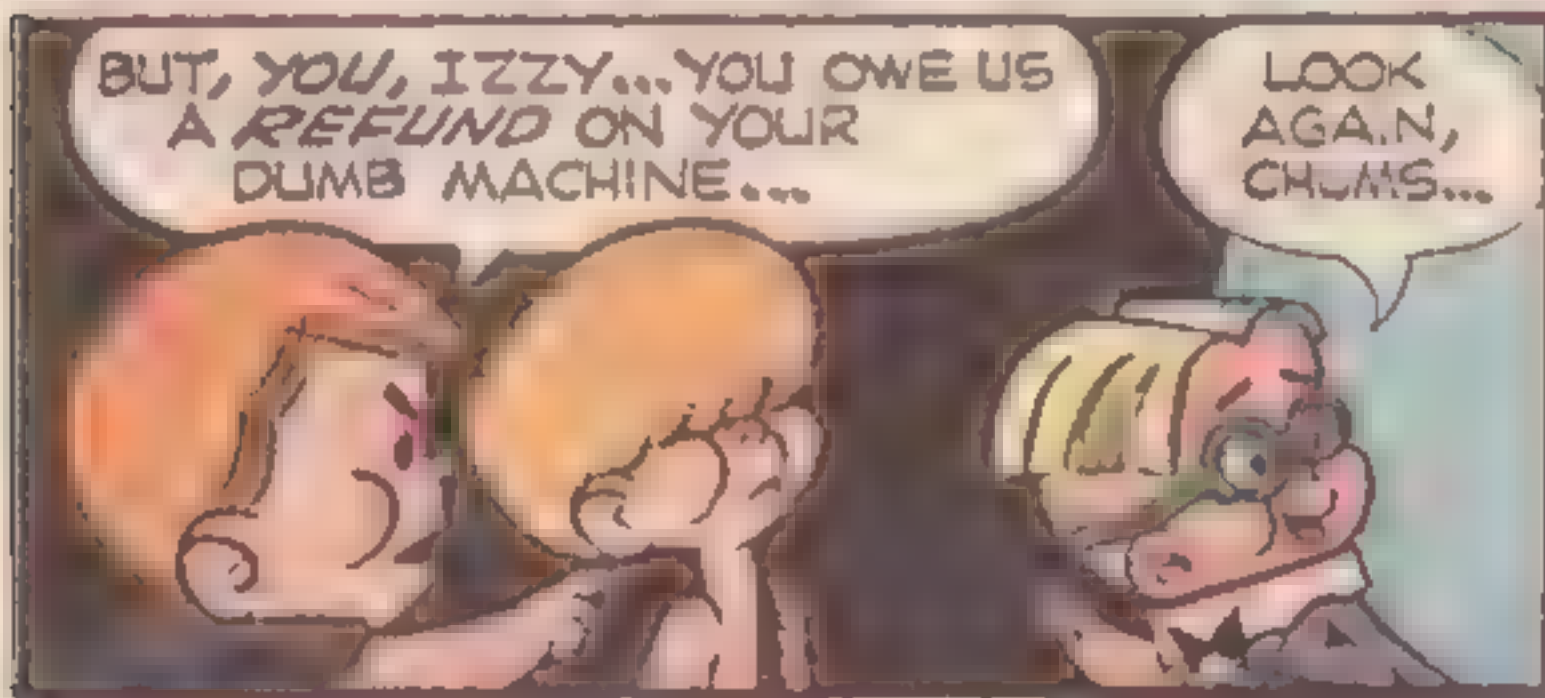
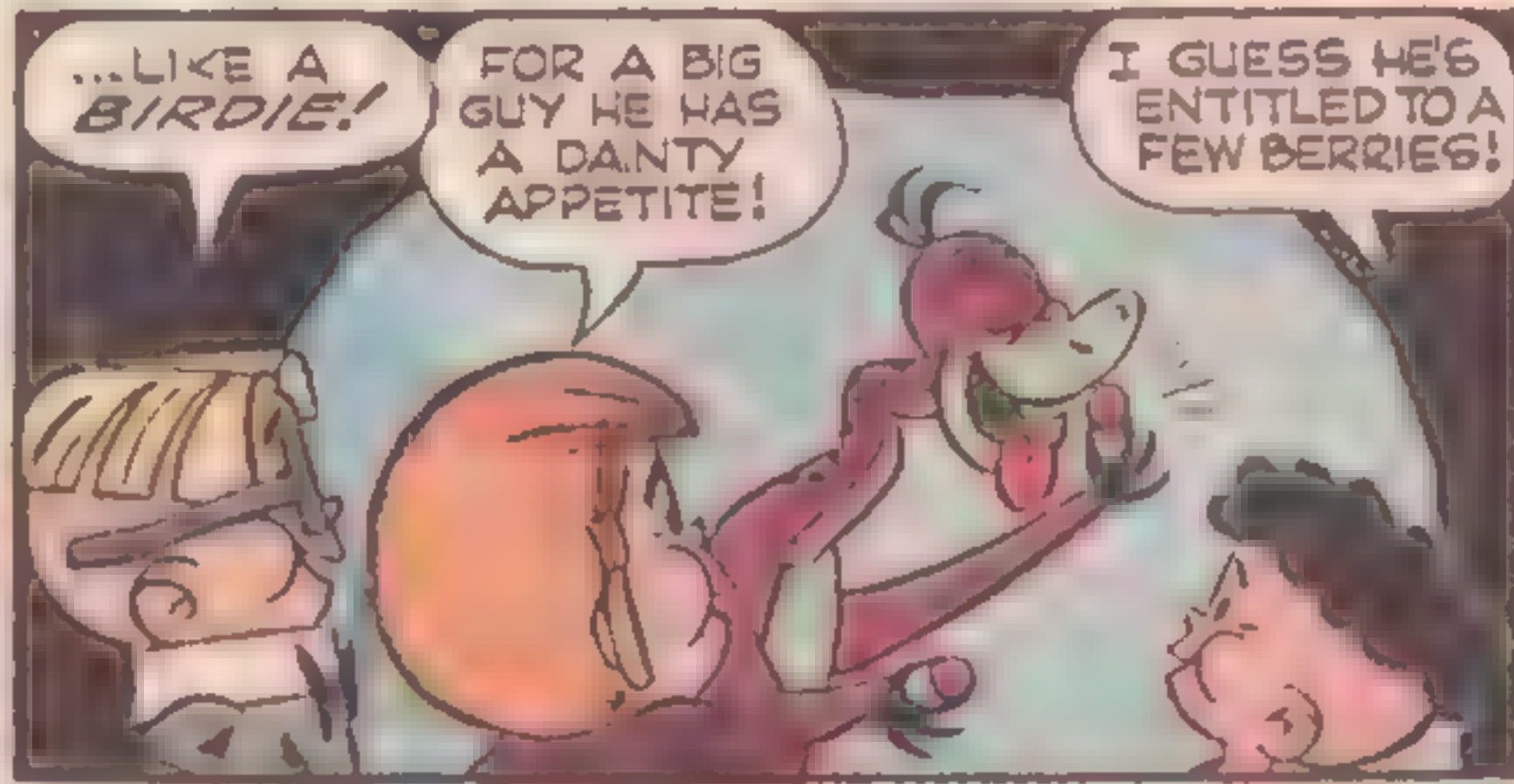
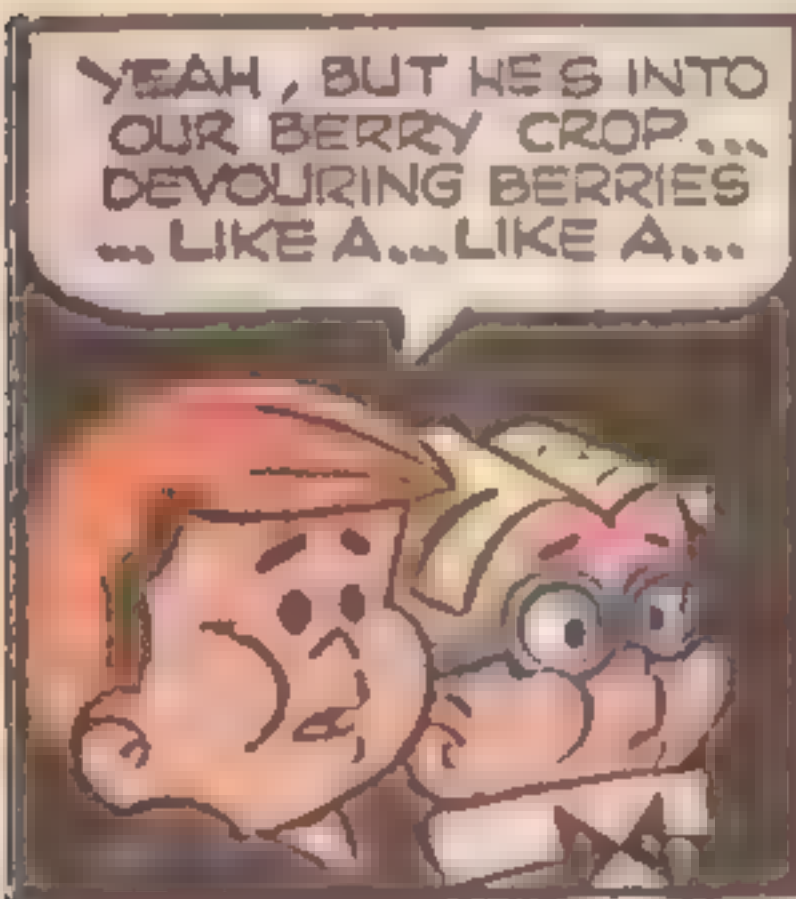
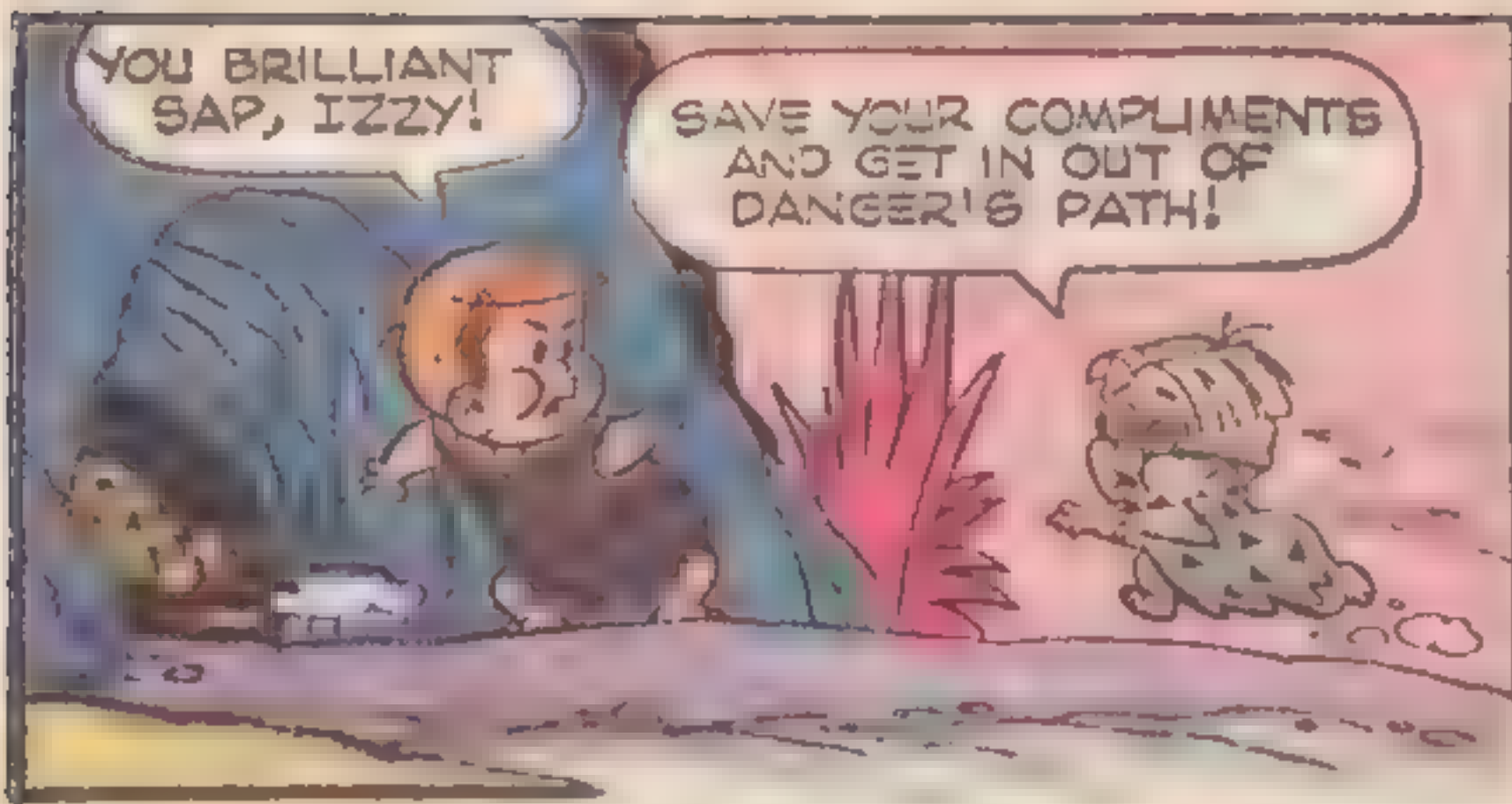














# BEATS, BONGOES and BEARDS



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For once, Rodney Rocktop was not sitting in his favorite chair at the Purple Zen Den, with a cup of café espresso on the table. He was standing in front of the chair with the cup in his hand. Well, he wasn't exactly standing. Three-fourths of his muscular masculine mess was leaning on the table.

Rodney spoke! (Another first in his athletic career.) "Like, I'd like the casual attention of you cats and chicks."

Literary Lyle quit pounding poetry on his stone tablo d. Bongo Brad ceased composing his Bongo Concerto #5 for bongoes and more bongoes; Uninhibited Ulsa refrained from doing her dance portraying a deficient dinosaur; and last and least, Twitchy Itchy, Rod's best little pal, two and a half feet tall, stopped trying to think big.

Rodney continued. "In two days, favorite fabulous friends, the mayor plans to evict us from our home, sweet-type home!"

"Rod, old clod," Twitchy always used personal, affectionate terms with his best beat buddy, "I think you like flipped your timetable, as there seems to be an alien standing in yon doorway!"

The mayor stepped forward and addressed Rodney. "Sir, this place is not safe enough for you and your friends, and vice versa. The walls are cracking, the floor's rotting, and you're doing nothing constructive to remedy the situation!"

Rodney retaliated. "We may be clumsy clods but we're not destructive dads. Man, our entire existence is dedicated to being

constructive! Like, give a listen."

"I didn't mean reading poems," the mayor retorted, "or beating your life away on a ridiculous bongo."

"Like, we know what you meant, dad," interrupted Rodney. "We just express it in a different way!"

Brad began pounding his percussion.

"Like, go, man!" chanted the beats, as they swayed from side to side, "construct!"

The mayor turned purple. As he was about to explode, Brad increased the tempo (making it difficult for Rodney's big toe to keep the beat), and Uninhibited Ulsa slowly (because she weighed 205 pounds) began to dance.

The mayor, now a blushing pink, blurted, "By jove, she's a lovely!"

Twitchy Itchy began snapping his fingers in an off-beat half-time (half the time he was off the beat).

The mayor, intrigued by Ulsa, whispered, "What's she doing?"

"Like, she's expressing her soul through her shoes, man," muttered Rodney.

Suddenly, Literary Lyle began pounding furiously on his tabloid.

"SH!" hissed the mayor. "I can't hear the dance!" (When 205 pounds are dancing, one can't help but hear it!)

Lyle began lamenting anyway.

"Farewell, Zen Den, farewell.

Gather your bongoes, you beats.

Today we are like, evicted —

Rise... and walk out... on your feets!"

The mayor jumped up! (And on Ulsa's petite, size ten and a half foot!) "Nobody's going anywhere! Beats need a pad," he said, tearing up the eviction notice. "And that includes your new member, me! I'm going to cut out from Town Hall and concentrate on growing a beard. I dig this jazz, cats and kittys, and I want to make the scene. So, like, pass me the percussion, Percy, and let's get on with it!"

Once again, Rodney Rocktop was sitting in his favorite chair at the Purple Zen Den, with a cup of café espresso on the table. The soothing pounding of the poetry continued. The soft vibrations of the dancing continued. The beat of the mayor's bongo continued... and continued, and continued, and continued... and continued!!!



Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**

# THE MINIATURE MOUNTAINEER

FRED IS PURSUING HIS FAVORITE HOBBY, MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AND VOLCANO-VAULTING...

CHUNK!

SWOOP!

R-RUMBLE!

ZING!

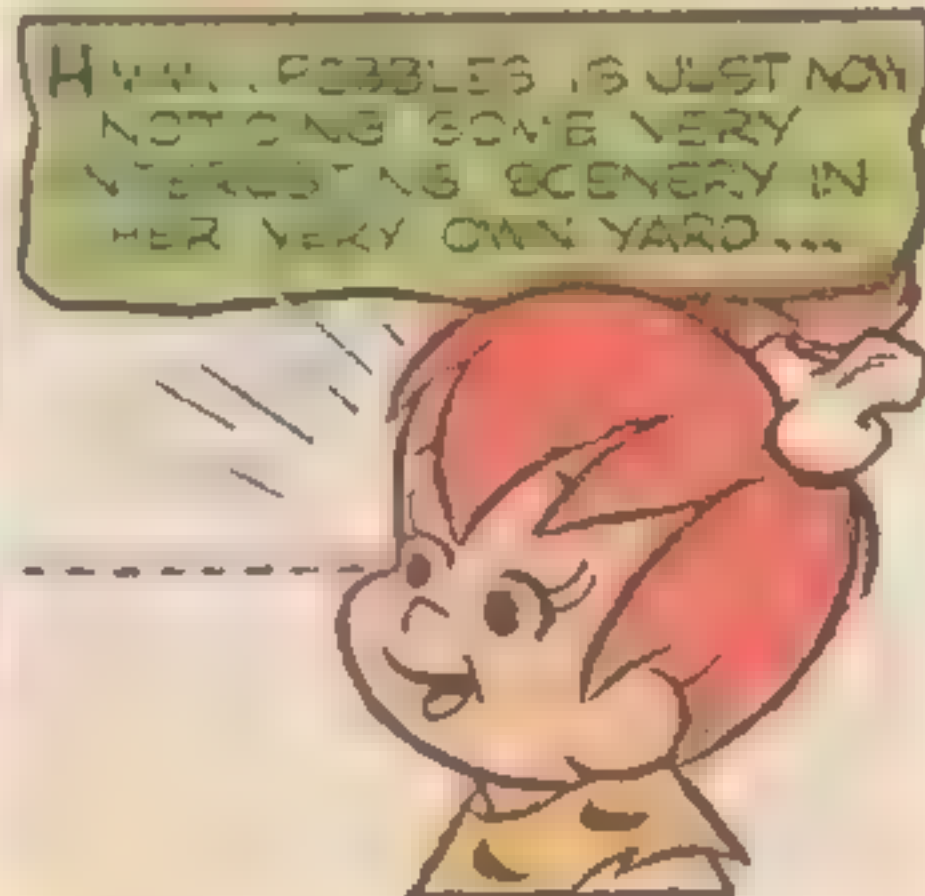
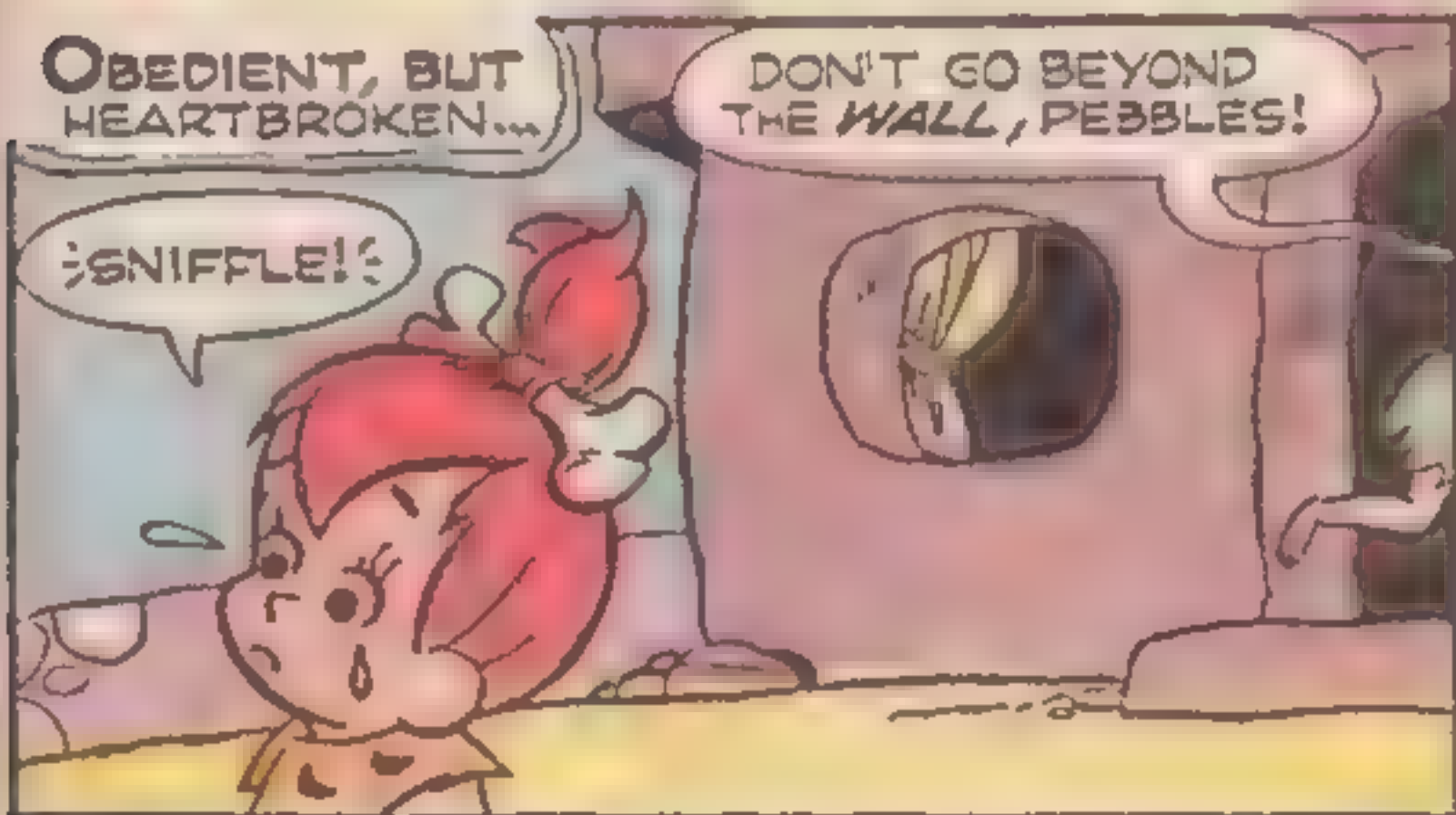
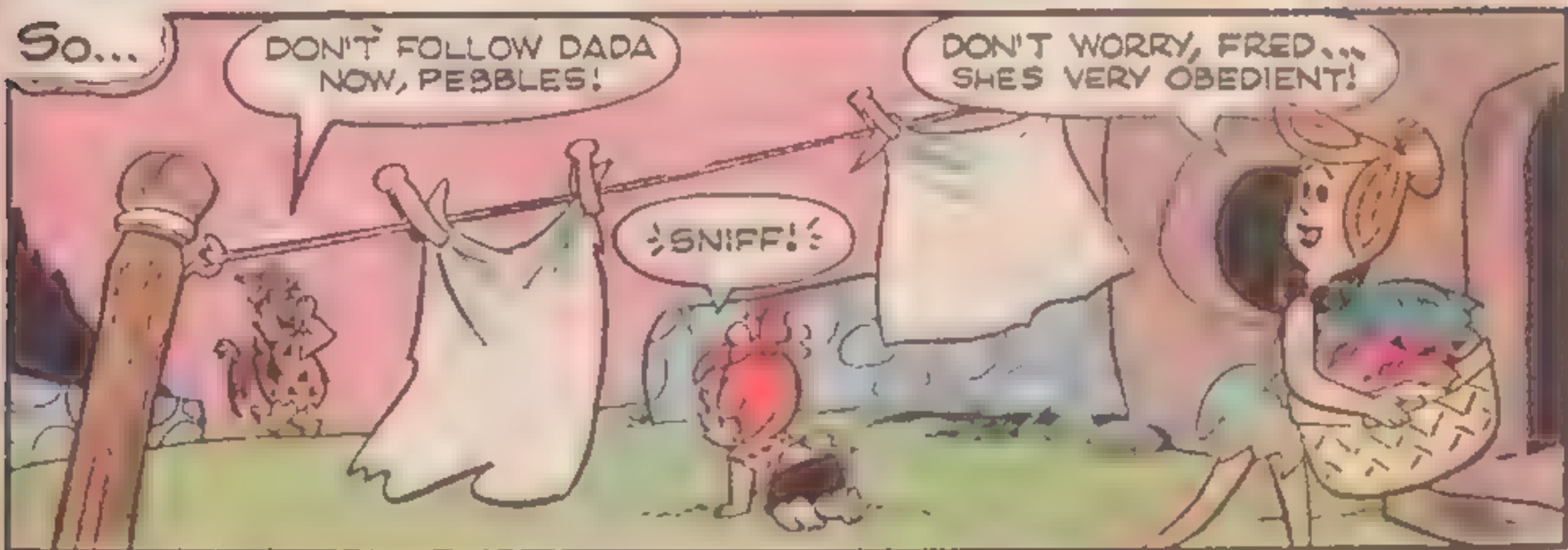
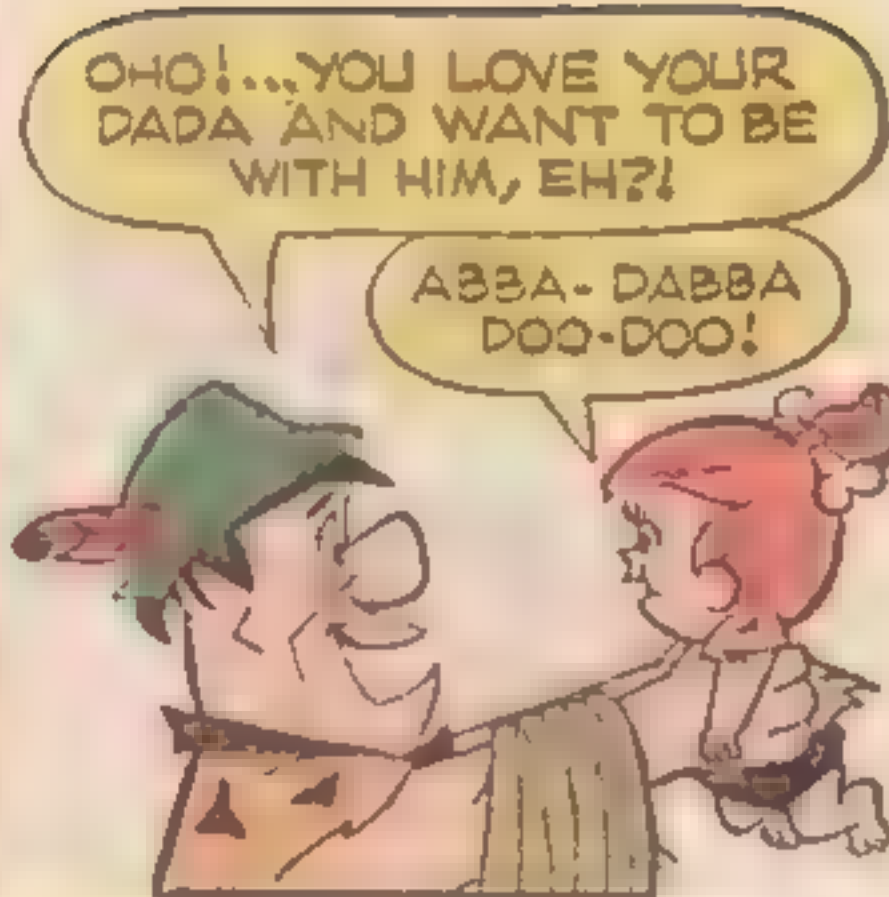
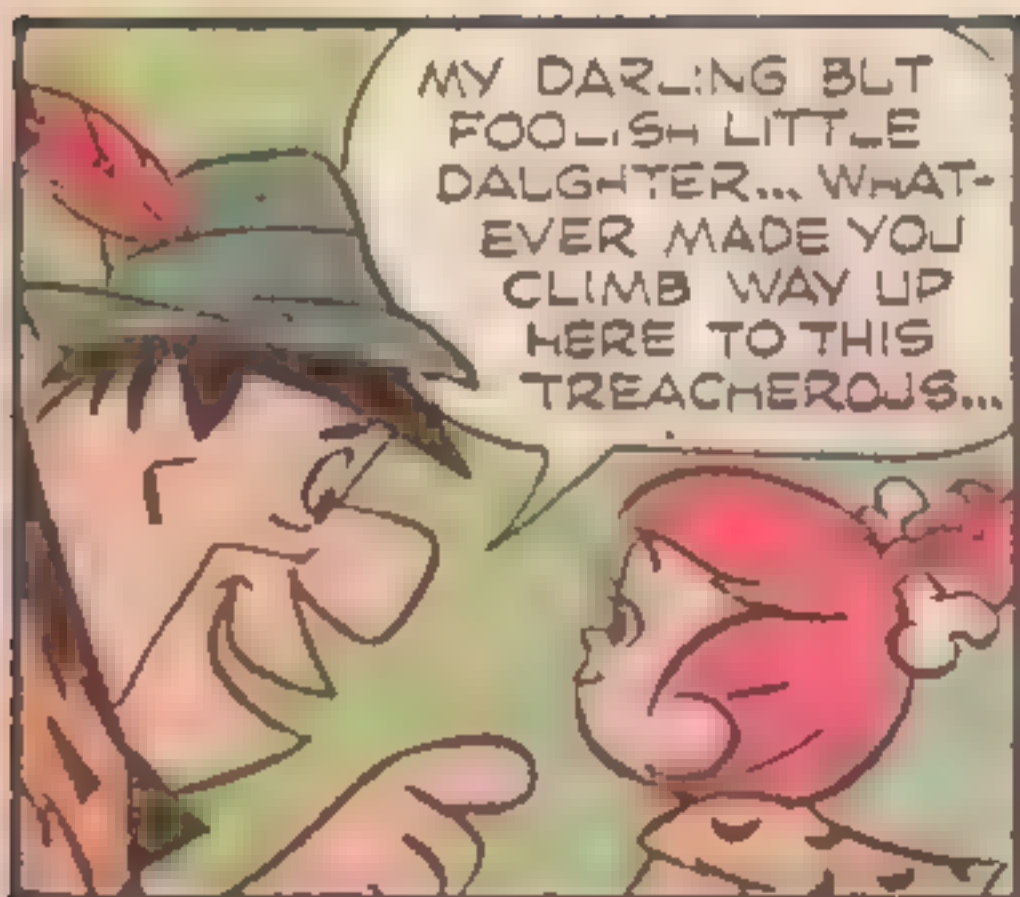
YO-LADY-DEE-  
♪ DOO-DAH... ♪

...NOW, UP ONTO THE LEDGE, AND THEN...

PEBBLES!!

ABBA-  
DABBA  
DADA!  
GOO-GOO!







APPARENTLY SOME  
NEW MOUNTAINS ARE  
STARTING TO GROW UP  
JUST INSIDE THE WALL...

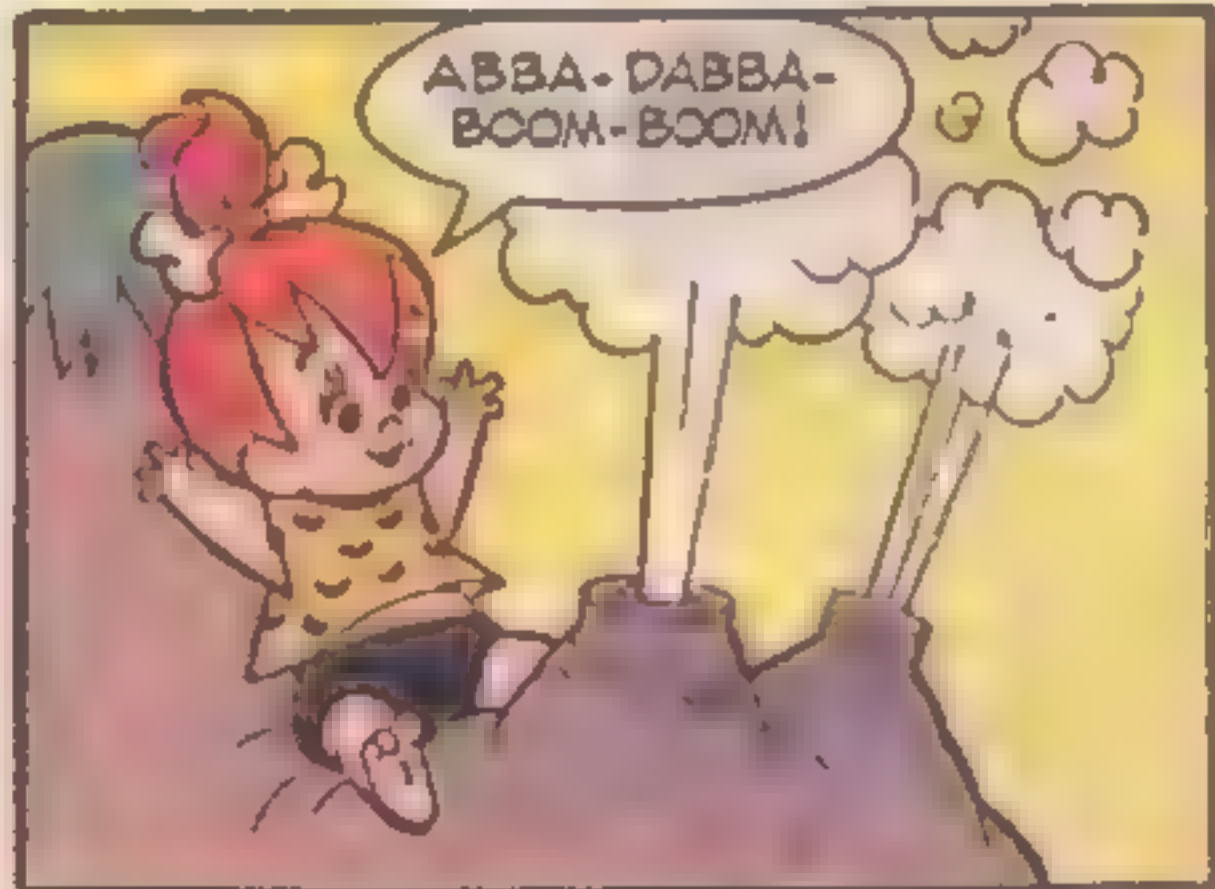
ABBA-DABBA-GOO?



WONDERFUL! SHE CAN ACT LIKE DADA  
IN A WEE-WAY...



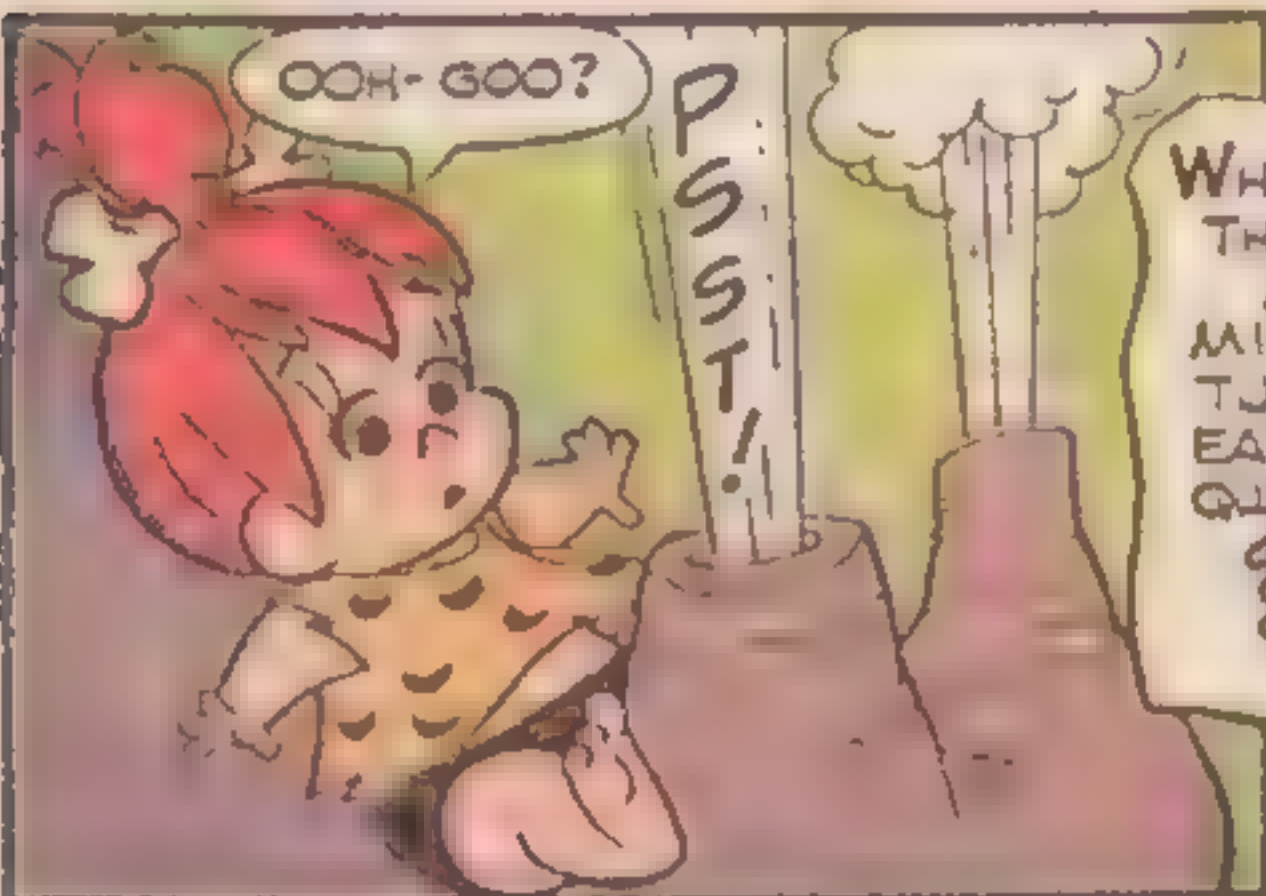
ABBA-DABBA-  
BOOM-BOOM!



OOH-GOO?

P S S T!

WHAT IS  
THIS...  
A MINIA-  
TURE  
EARTH-  
QUAKE  
?

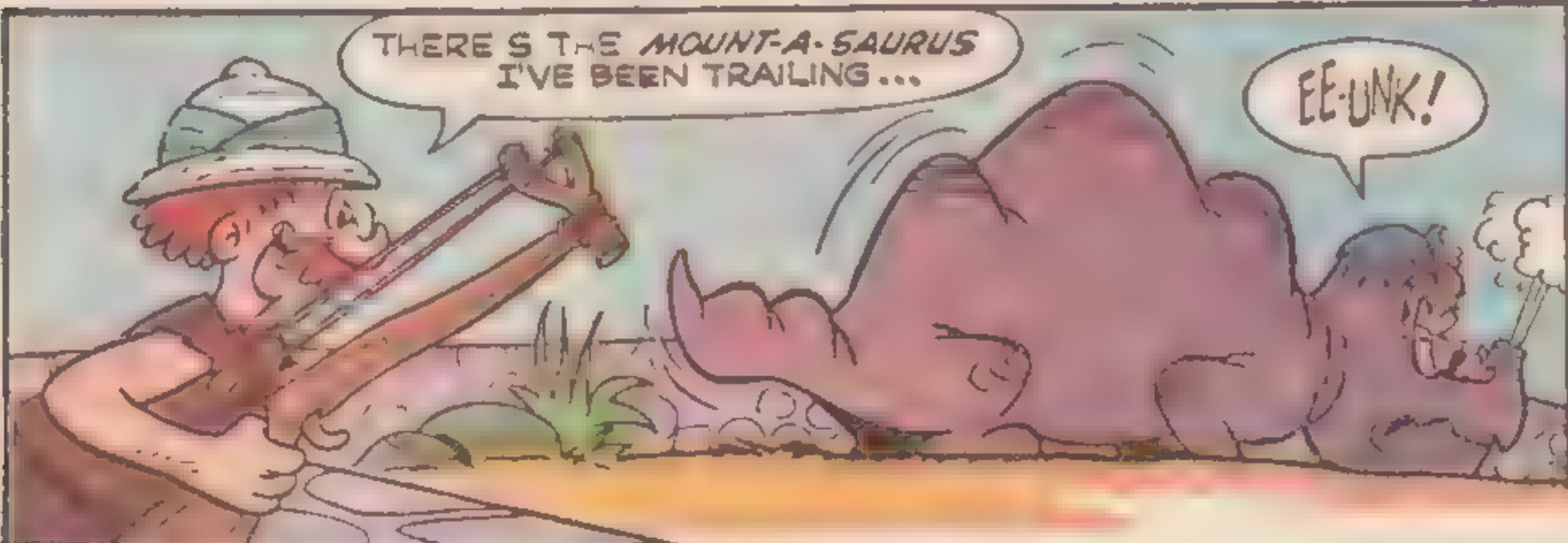


Wow! A  
PEEK-A-BOO  
TYPE OF  
PEAK!

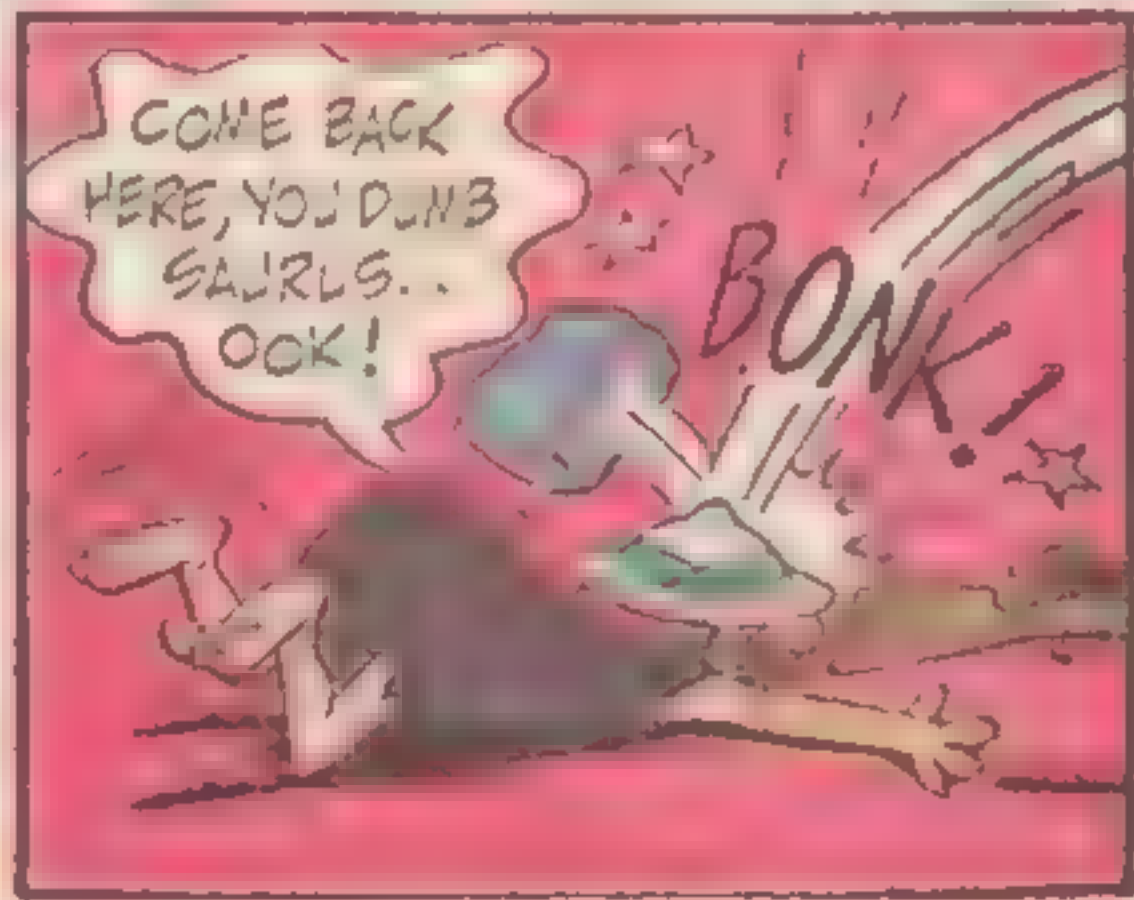
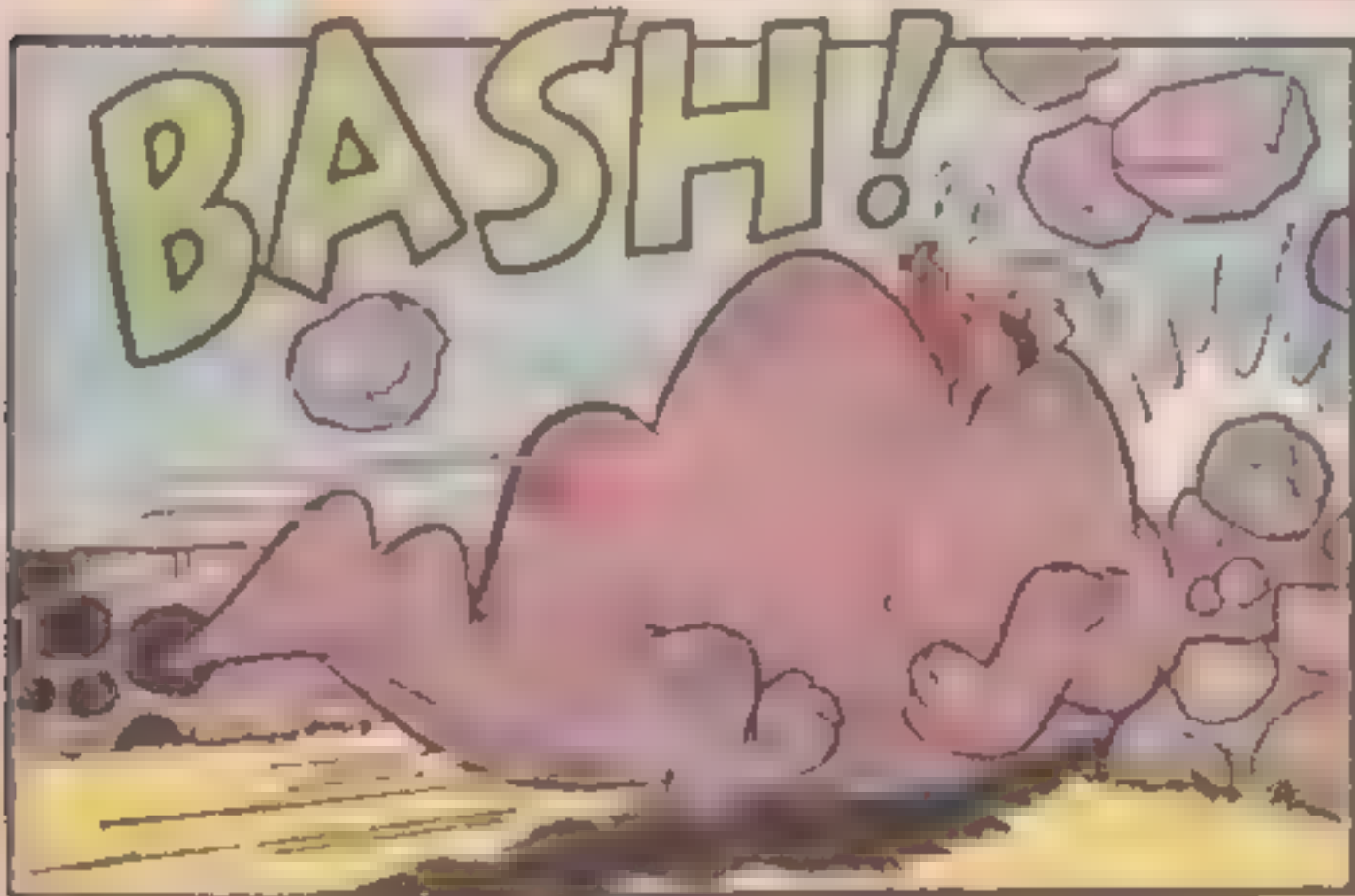
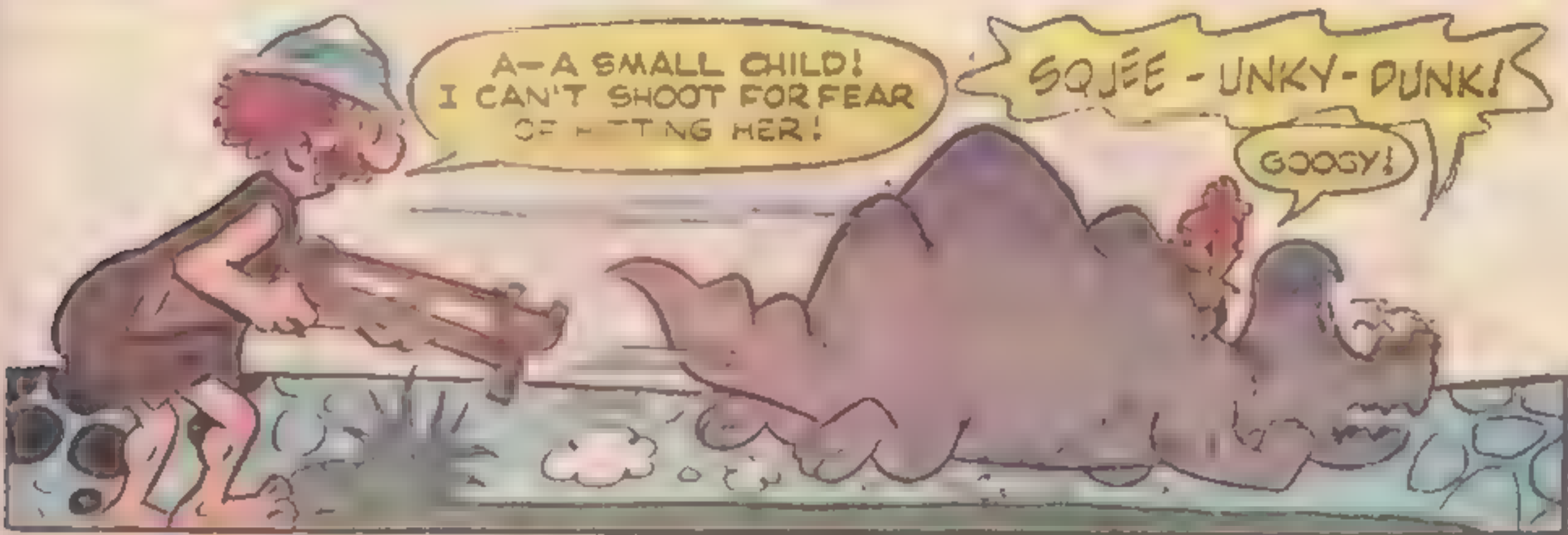
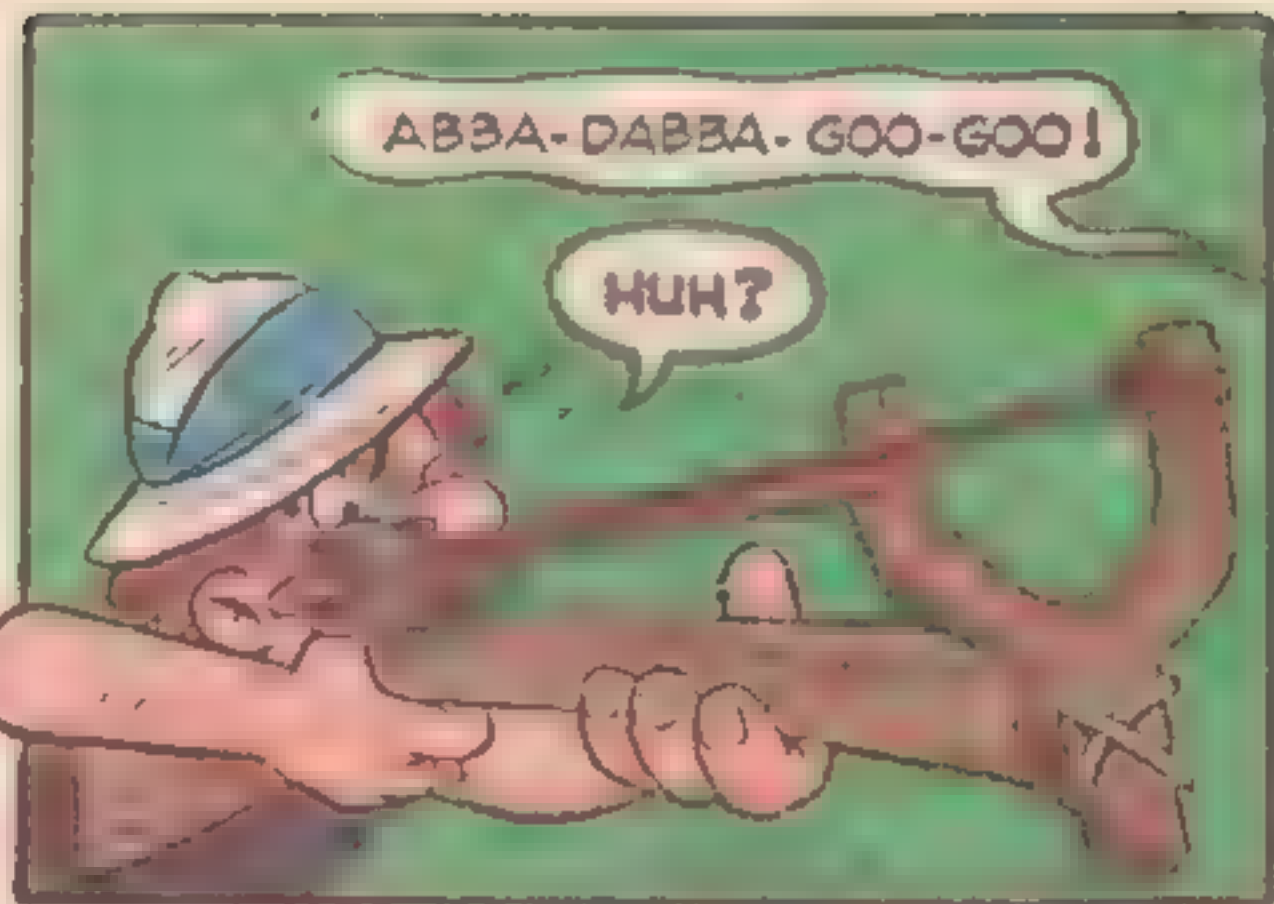
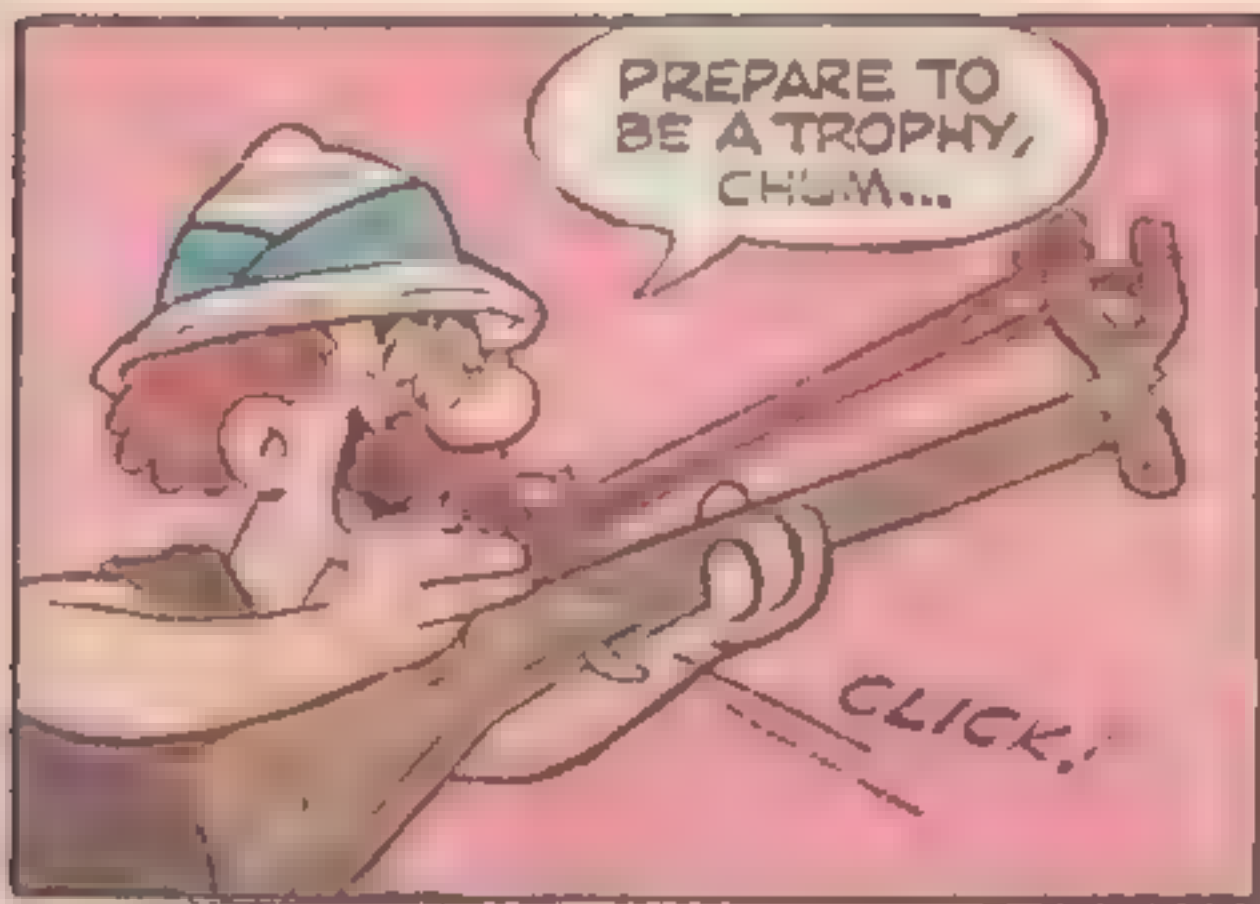


THERE'S THE MOUNT-A-SAURUS  
I'VE BEEN TRAILING...

EE-UNK!









THE GREAT BEAST SEEMS TO SENSE  
THAT PEBBLES HAS BROUGHT HIM  
GOOD LUCK...



ONE  
GOOD TURN  
DESERVES  
ANOTHER...



AND SO THEY  
PROCEED...  
MUNCHING  
INTO THE  
MOUNTAINS...



MEANWHILE, FRED IS  
ENCOUNTERING DIFFICULTIES...  
NAMELY, A PACK OF WOLVER-  
SAURUSES...

LET GO OF  
MY VAULTING  
POLE!



I'LL HAVE TO LASSO  
THAT ICY PEAK OR BE MEAT  
FOR THE PACK!



YAY! NOW I'LL JUST SWING  
OVER THERE TO SAFETY...





AND SO IT IS THAT PEBBLES SOON HEARS  
HER PAPA'S PITIFUL CRY...



GIDDI-OOGY-  
GOOGY!



IF I DON'T FREEZE FIRST  
FROM STANDIN' ON THIS ICE PEAK...  
THE WOLVER-SAURUSES  
WILL FINALLY GET ME!



THE MOUNT-A-SAURUS  
WISELY SEEKS SHELTER...





